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DANNY DANGER
TIME TRAVELERS



Opella Winter





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Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....

TYPHOON TYLER



WHO'S TYPHOON TYLER? HIS NAME'S A BYWORD WHEREVER ADVENTURE WHISPERS AMONG THE PALM FRONDS OF A CORAL BEACH...WHEREVER DANGER LURKS IN THE SULTRY SHADOWS OF A TROPICAL BAZAAR! **WHO'S TYPHOON TYLER?** THAT'S A QUESTION YOU SHARE WITH THE POLICE OF NEW YORK AND PARIS...A MYSTERY THAT HOLDS THE LURE OF A TREMENDOUS PEARL...A SECRET THAT'S UNCOVERED IN A VORTEX OF VIOLENCE! HERE IT IS...YOUR DATE WITH TYPHOON TYLER...YOUR **DATE WITH DANGER!**

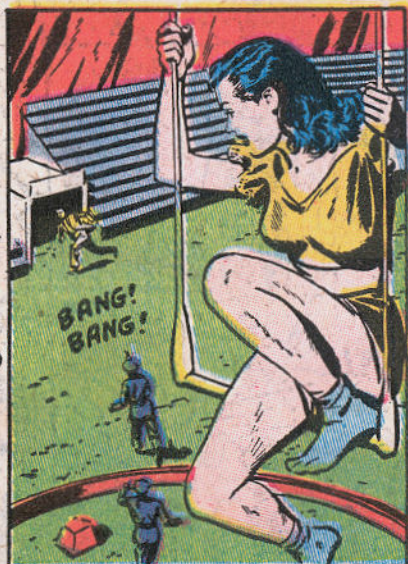
Ogden Whitney

AT A CIRCUS SIDESHOW IN NEW YORK...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU THE MOST SAVAGE, BLOOD-THIRSTY SPECTACLE EVER BROUGHT TO CIVILIZATION... A BRUTAL BARBARIAN FROM THE BEWITCHING BORDERS OF BLACKEST BORNEO!

UNEXPECTEDLY...

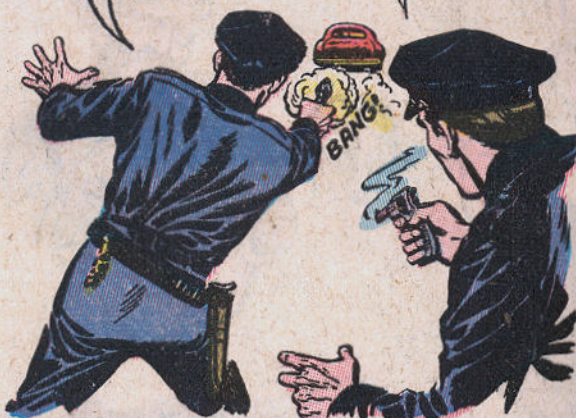
BANG! BANG!



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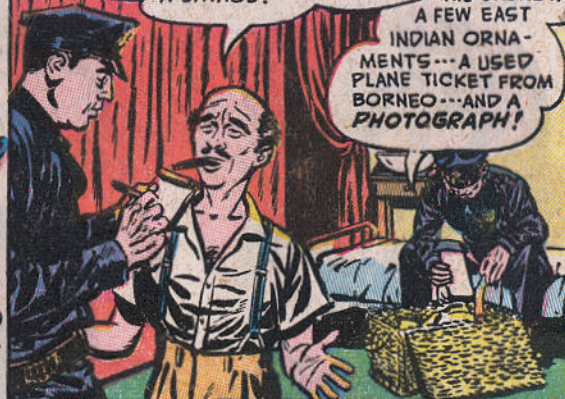
GUESS WE'RE A SECOND TOO LATE, MURPHY! HE MUST BE NUTS...SHOOTING A HARMLESS CHARACTER BILLED AS "THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO"!

MAYBE! AND MAYBE WE'LL FIND A REASON WHEN WE LOOK OVER THAT HEAD-HUNTER'S PERSONAL EFFECTS!



I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THE POOR DEVIL...EXCEPT THAT HE APPLIED FOR A JOB SEVERAL WEEKS AGO! HE SEEMED TO DO A LOT OF PROWLING AROUND TOWN AT NIGHT...BUT I FIGURED THAT WAS NATURAL FOR A SAVAGE!

NOT VERY MUCH IN HIS BASKET! A FEW EAST INDIAN ORNAMENTS...A USED PLANE TICKET FROM BORNEO...AND A PHOTOGRAPH!

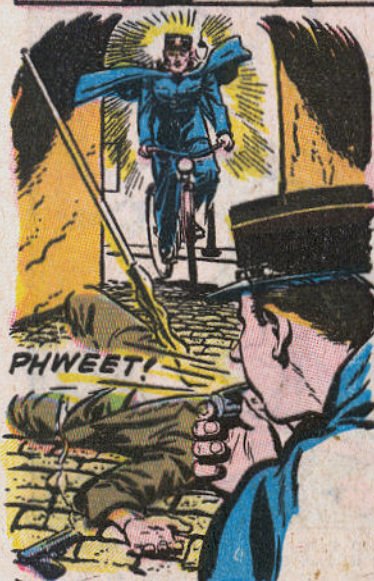
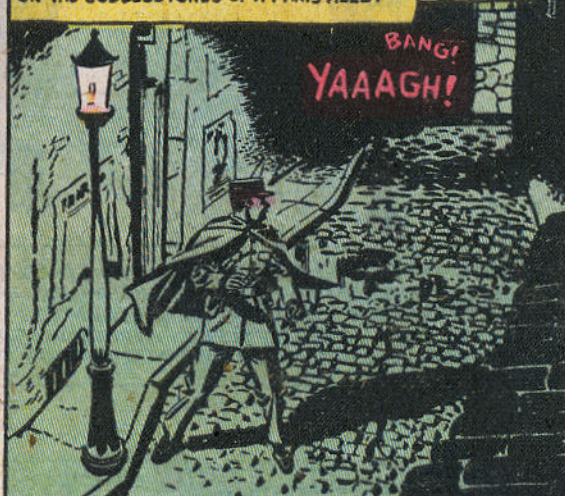


WONDER WHERE THIS TIES IN? WHO'S KRUGER? AND WHO'S TYPHOON TYLER?

KRUGER OFFERS £1000 FOR THE HEAD OF TYPHOON TYLER!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...AS HAZY LAMPLIGHT GLEAMS ON THE COBBLESTONES OF A PARIS ALLEY...



TYPHOON TYLER...!

THIS IS INCREDIBLE! A SHARP SPEAR... AND THE SHARP PRINT OF A BARE FOOT!

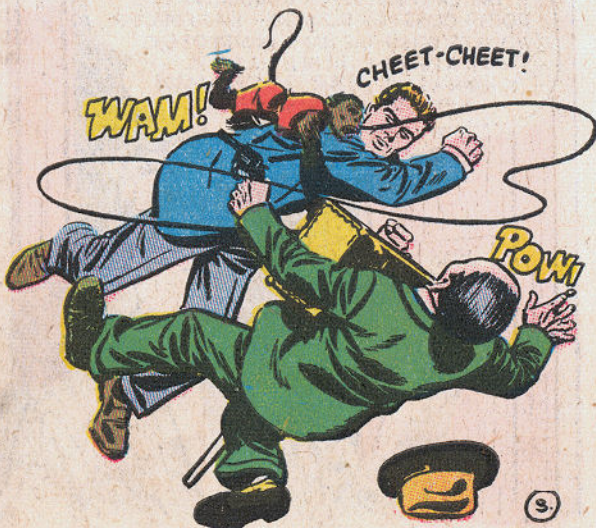
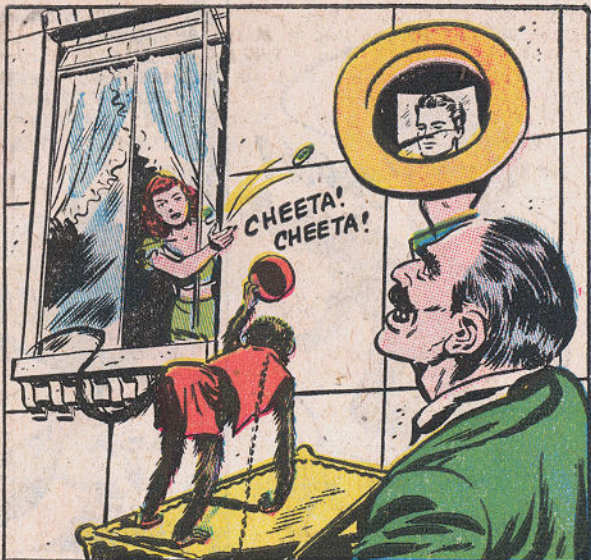
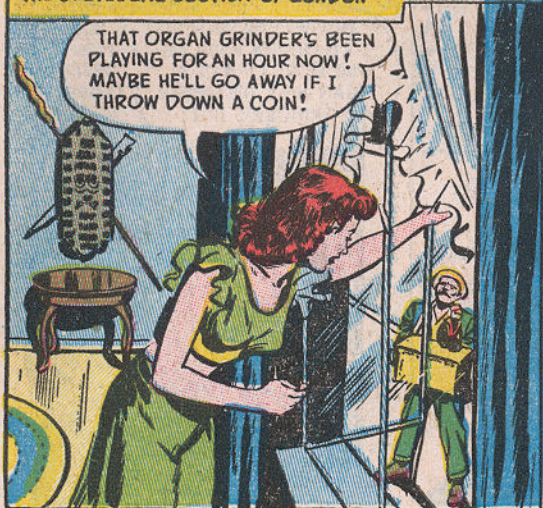


THIS IS ALL HIS WALLET CONTAINS...A PLANE RESERVATION FROM BORNEO!

THAT AT LEAST IS DEFINITE! BUT PARBLEU... WHO IS TYPHOON TYLER?



THAT SAME WEEK... BEHIND A CURTAINED WINDOW IN THE BELVEDERE SECTION OF LONDON...





CRACK!

AS THE ORGAN GRINDER SLIPS INTO THE DARKNESS...



HE SAVED MY PEARL, THE STAR OF STOJANA... BUT WHY? HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A POLICE-MAN!

A MOMENT LATER...

THANKS FOR HELPING! I CERTAINLY WISH WE HAD MORE OF A CLUE THAN JUST THE ORGAN GRINDER'S HAT!

YOU WON'T NEED CLUES, BABY!



IT'S ALL SO STRANGE... WHO'S TYPHOON TYLER? HIS PICTURE'S IN HERE...

TAKE A LOOK!



HONEY, THEY'RE AFTER YOU! DON'T TAKE TIME TO PACK... GRAB THE PEARL AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WHO'S AFTER ME? AND HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE PEARL?



BACK IN 1941, A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL... THE LAST RULER OF DYAKAN, ON THE NORTH COAST OF BORNEO... WAS FORCED TO FLEE WHEN THE JAPS INVADED! SHE TOOK A PEARL WITH HER... A PEARL KNOWN AS THE STAR OF STOJANA... AND HER NAME WAS JOAN BLAKE!

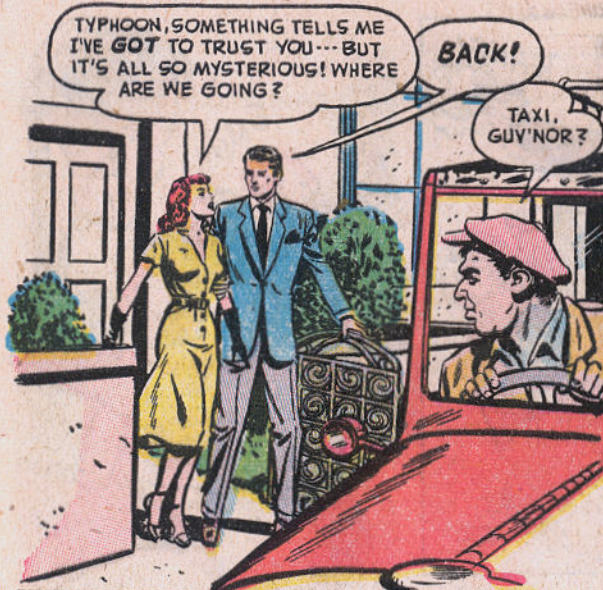
JOAN BLAKE



YOU KNOW... THEY WANT THIS... BUT WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT, TYPHOON TYLER?

HONEY, I'VE NEVER FOUND THE WORD FOR IT! YOU MIGHT CALL IT ADVENTURE... OR STICKING MY NECK OUT FOR LOST CAUSES... OR MAYBE JUST THE PROSPECT OF A SLAMBANG FIGHT! THERE'S ONE COMING UP IN DYAKAN, BABY... CAN YOU TRUST ME?

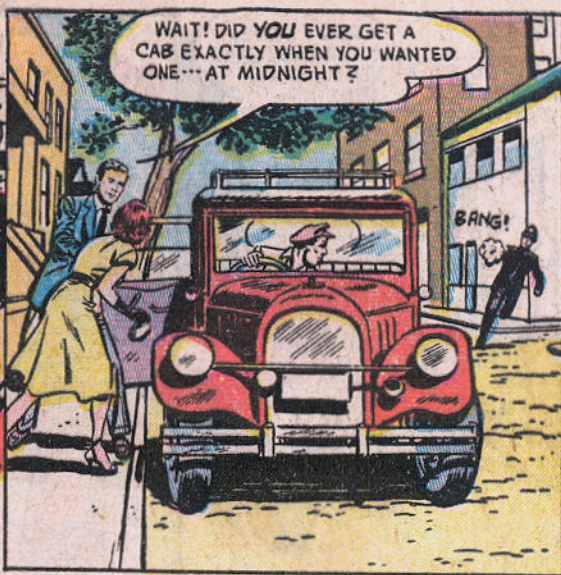




TYPHOON, SOMETHING TELLS ME I'VE GOT TO TRUST YOU... BUT IT'S ALL SO MYSTERIOUS! WHERE ARE WE GOING?

BACK!

TAXI, GUY'NOR?



WAIT! DID YOU EVER GET A CAB EXACTLY WHEN YOU WANTED ONE... AT MIDNIGHT?



GOOD HEAVENS... WHAT'S WRONG?

SORRY FOR THE ROW, MISS... BUT WE'VE BEEN TRAILING THAT DRIVER! CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE GOT WORD THAT HE'S A MEMBER OF SOME SORT OF GANG OPERATING ALL THE WAY FROM THE EAST INDIES... BORNEO, I BELIEVE IT IS!



TYPHOON, I'M AFRAID! I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE IN A TRAP... A TRAP WE CAN'T SEE EVEN WHILE IT'S CLOSING ON US!

CHIN UP, MISS... THEY WON'T BE AT LARGE LONG! WE'VE GOT ONE OF THE BLIGHTERS AT SCOTLAND YARD NOW... ORGAN GRINDER CHAP!



WELL, GOOD NIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO HURRY TO THE UNDERGROUND AND GET MY REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS!

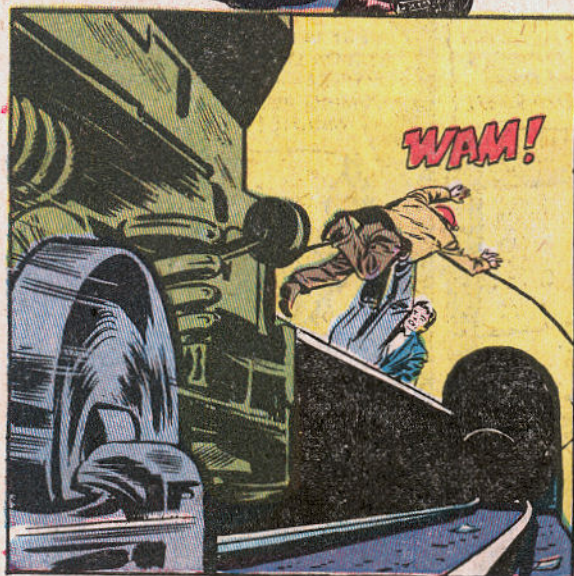
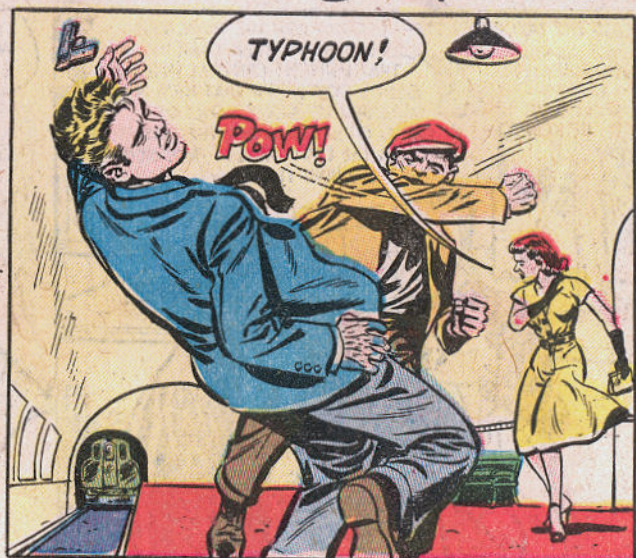
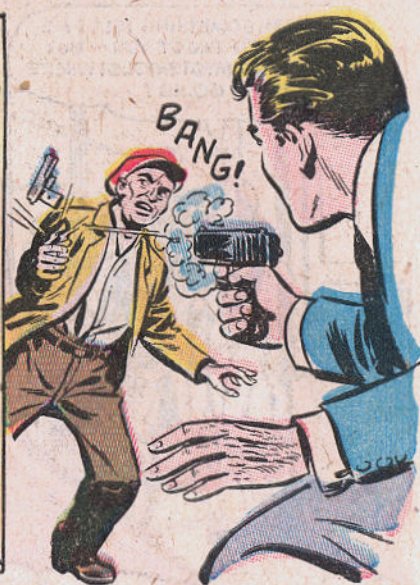
WON'T IT BE SAFER TO GO WITH THE CONSTABLE, TYPHOON? A FEW STATIONS, ANYWAY... JUST TO LOSE WHOEVER MIGHT BE TRAILING US?

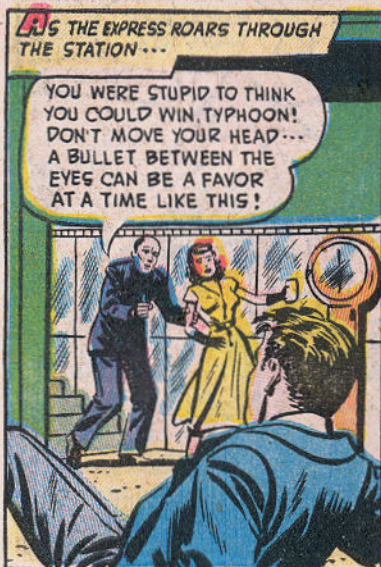


MINUTES LATER... AS THEY REACH THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE, TYPHOON'S EYES SHIFT TOWARD THE ONLY VEHICLE ON THE DESERTED STREET... A TAXI!

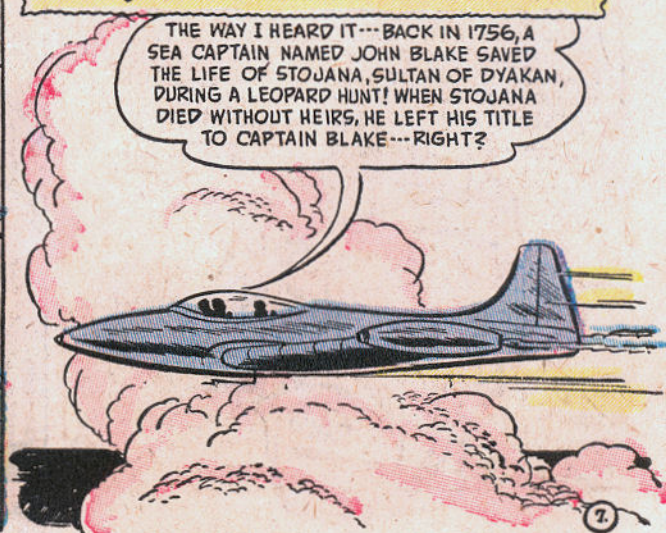


WE'RE IN LUCK, TYPHOON! THE STATION LIGHT JUST FLASHED... THERE SHOULD BE A TRAIN COMING ALONG ANY MINUTE!





That night...AS TYPHOON'S PLANE WHIZZES EASTWARD...

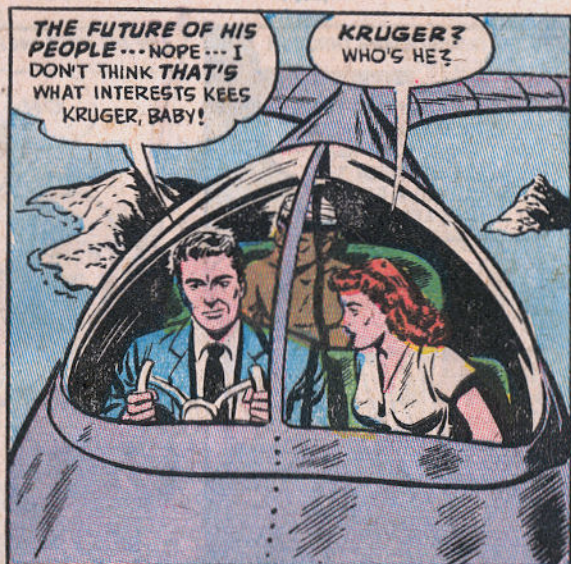


STOJANA LEFT SOMETHING **ELSE** TO US BLAKES, TYPHOON! A PEARL... **THE STAR OF STOJANA!** ON HIS DEATHBED, STOJANA TOLD CAPTAIN BLAKE THAT THE PEARL HELD THE FUTURE OF HIS PEOPLE... BUT HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD EXPLAIN WHAT HE MEANT! WE'VE GUARDED THE STAR OF STOJANA DURING OUR SIX GENERATIONS OF RULE IN DYAKAN... FEELING THAT IT MUST HAVE A MYSTERIOUS SYMBOLIC IMPORTANCE!



THE FUTURE OF HIS PEOPLE... NOPE... I DON'T THINK THAT'S WHAT INTERESTS KEEPS KRUGER, BABY!

KRUGER? WHO'S HEZ?



AT THAT MOMENT, THOUSANDS OF MILES ACROSS THE BAY OF BENGAL... ACROSS THE SOUTHERN REACHES OF THE CHINA SEA, IN THE REGION OF BORNEO KNOWN AS DYAKAN...

KRUGER... TRAITOR! KRUGER... TYRANT! KRUGER... MURDERER!

ALL RIGHT, FUAD... I'VE HEARD ENOUGH FROM THESE SWINE!



WHAT A PATHETIC THING LOYALTY IS, FUAD! THIS IS THE ONE WAY TO MAKE THEM FORGET THE MAN WHO WAS THEIR GUERRILLA LEADER DURING THE WAR... TYPHOON TYLER!



ONE OF OUR MEN KILLED IN PARIS... THREE MORE IN LONDON... AND YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU'D PAY, HAH?

YOU'D EXPECT THE FOOLS TO FORGET THEIR PRINCESS AFTER NINE YEARS... AFTER HUNDREDS OF EXECUTIONS... BUT THEY'RE A STRANGE PEOPLE, FUAD! I REMEMBER MY FIRST DAY IN DYAKAN... REMEMBER IT WELL!

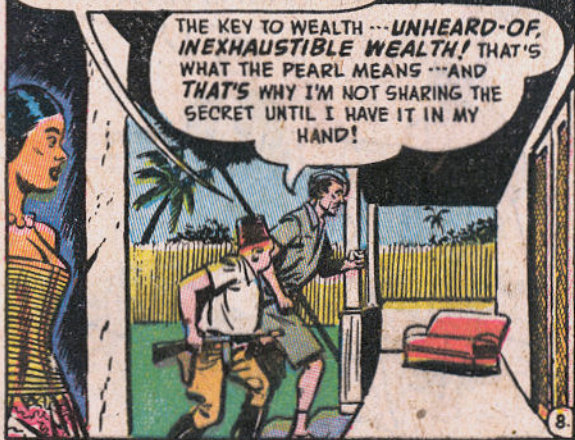


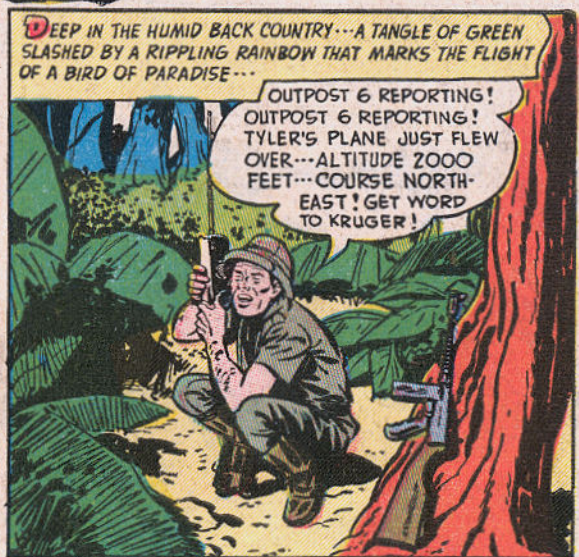
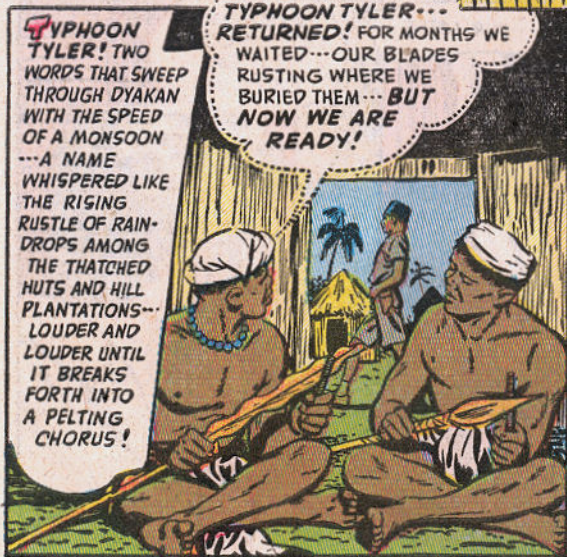
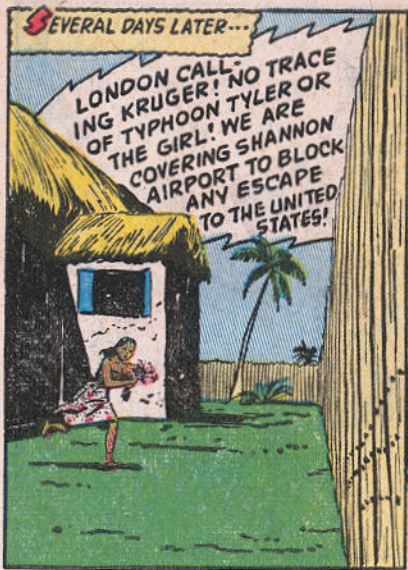
I CAME ASHORE WITH THE FIRST WAVE OF JAPANESE TROOPS... AS AN INTERPRETER! WE WERE LOOTING ONE OF THE TEMPLES, LOOKING FOR GEMS, WHEN I HEARD UNEXPECTED CANNON FIRE COMING FROM THE AIRSTRIP! THERE THEY WERE... HUNDREDS OF DYAKANS... LITERALLY HURLING THEMSELVES ON THE GUNS TO GIVE THE GIRL A CHANCE TO ESCAPE WITH THE **STAR OF STOJANA!**



THE STAR OF STOJANA! AND IN THE TEMPLE ARCHIVES, YOU FOUND SOMETHING THAT MADE YOU WANT THE PEARL... WANT IT BADLY ENOUGH TO SET DOZENS OF AGENTS ON JOAN BLAKE'S TRAIL! WHAT DID YOU FIND, KRUGER?

THE KEY TO WEALTH... UNHEARD-OF, INEXHAUSTIBLE WEALTH! THAT'S WHAT THE PEARL MEANS... AND THAT'S WHY I'M NOT SHARING THE SECRET UNTIL I HAVE IT IN MY HAND!





BLAST THE FOOL, FUAD... WHY DOESN'T HE MAINTAIN CONTACT?

I DON'T THINK IT WILL BE NECESSARY! HEAR THAT?

CRASH!



HAH! A BIT UNTIDY, KRUGER... BUT AT LEAST NO FLAMES! WE CAN TAKE OUR TIME FINDING THE PEARL! THEIR BODIES WILL BE IN THE PLANE'S WRECKAGE...

YOU UTTER IDIOT... DON'T YOU KNOW A TRICK WHEN YOU SEE ONE? THEY SET THE AUTOMATIC PILOT AND PARACHUTED... MILES FROM HERE!



I'LL FIND HIM... I'LL FIND HIM IF IT MEANS FLOGGING EVERY HIDE IN DYAKAN! WE'LL SWING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS LONG ENOUGH TO ASSEMBLE OUR OUTPOST GUARDS... AND THEN THROW A CORDON AROUND THE TOWN!



AN HOUR LATER...

STEADY! LET 'EM COME... LET 'EM COME...



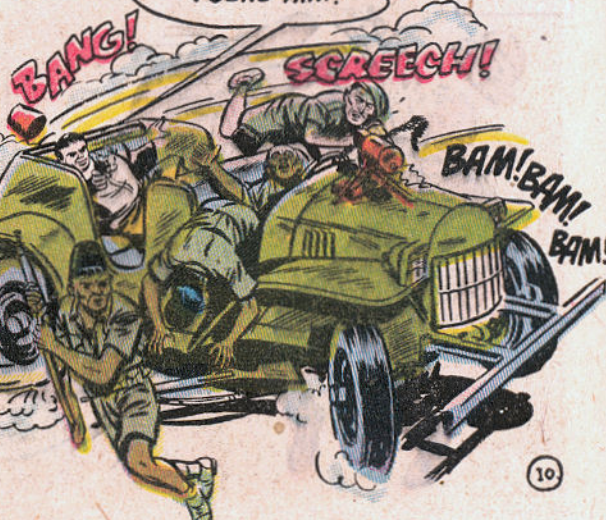
UNEXPECTEDLY...

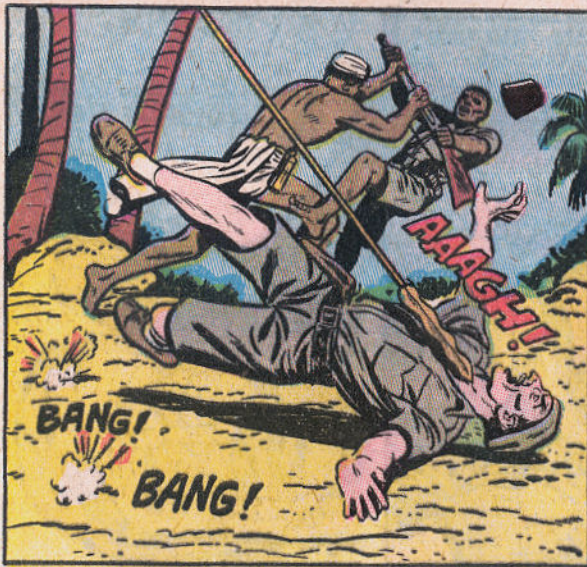
WATCH 'EM! GOT 'EM BIG FELLA GUN ALONG CAR!

BANG! BANG!



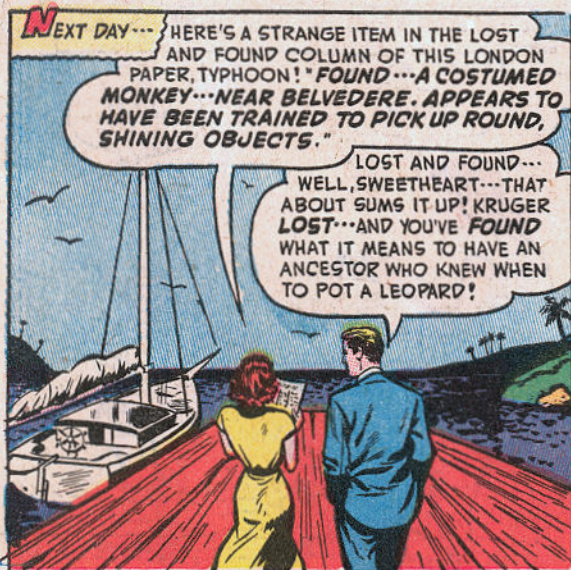
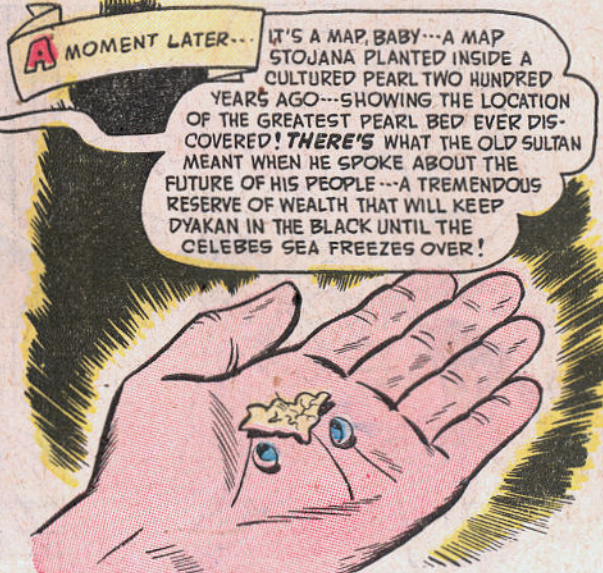
SO I'M AN IDIOT, HAH? WELL, KRUGER... YOU'VE FOUND HIM!





Then...AS JOAN BACKS AWAY FROM FUAD'S HEADLONG RUSH...



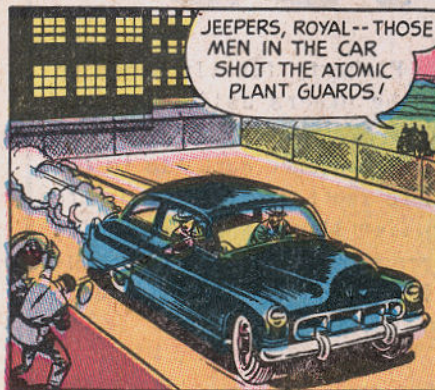


"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE
ATOM SPIES"



JEEPERS, ROYAL-- THOSE
MEN IN THE CAR
SHOT THE ATOMIC
PLANT GUARDS!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS
AWAY, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND
BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER
THOSE GUARDS, WHILE
TOM NOTIFIES THE
F.B.I.... I'M TAKING
OFF AFTER THAT CAR!



SOON, INSIDE THE CAR...

HEY, SOME GUY
ON A BIKE IS
FOLLOWING
US! SHOULD
I PLUG HIM?

NAH... SAVE YOUR
BULLETS, MUGSY
... WE'LL LOSE
HIM-- WE'RE
DOING 60 NOW!



ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL
INTO HIS JET-ENGINE... STREAKS
AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR
AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH
A THICK, BLACK JET EXHAUST!



DROP THAT GUN,
BUD... YOU WON'T
NEED IT WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!

WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY
FAR WITH THE STOLEN ATOMIC
FORMULA-- THANKS TO YOUR
TERRIFIC SPEED AND
ROYAL'S SMOKESCREEN!

LOOKS LIKE OUR
U.S. ROYALS SAVED
THE DAY AGAIN!



FELLAS, FOR SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...
FIRM FOOTING... MORE MILEAGE... AND
PERFECT CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.
TRY THEM AND SEE



"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY--
WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.
ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH, NO
ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH-- WHEN
YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. BE SAFE...
GET U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

SHADOWED

ROD HARRIS grinned evilly to himself as he slunk away into the alley---away from the scene of the crime he had committed. It had been a perfect crime, he knew, for no one had seen him stab the Hindu vaudeville magician as the robed and turbaned figure had left the theatre's stage-door with his week's receipts of over a thousand dollars. Yes, Rod felt sure that he had timed and planned it all perfectly---nothing could go wrong now that he had left all possible pursuit behind and was being followed only by his own harmless shadow, which constantly changed size and shape as he passed each dimly glowing street lamp along the deserted streets.

Wait! There...there was something wrong...terribly wrong! His...his shadow...it wasn't following him now... it was waiting for him under that street lamp a few feet ahead!

Rod stopped suddenly, cowering back against the wall of a building, the back of his neck prickling with fear. Slowly, he raised his hand to wipe the cold, clammy sweat from his forehead---and the disembodied shadow also raised its hand---a hand that held the shadow of a dagger!

Terror flooded over Rod like a mighty tidal wave...and he turned and fled! On and on through the empty streets he ran, panic lending wings to his feet... but each time he cast a fearful look over his shoulder, he saw the menacing shadow, dagger aloft, pursuing him with the implacable grimness of death itself.

A few blocks away, the Homicide detectives were gathered around the body lying in front of the stage-door.

Lieutenant Flaherty finally stood up and waved the others aside. "Okay, boys," he sighed wearily. "Might as well let the ambulance cart 'im to the morgue. There isn't a single clue here to work on...we'll probably never find the murderer unless he comes and confesses voluntarily...and a fat chance we have of that happening."

But as the ambulance men lifted the limp body onto the stretcher, Flaherty suddenly gasped. "Hold it!" he shouted. "Look! That...that body doesn't cast any shadow!"

The two ambulance men holding the body looked down at their own shadows, and stared in astonishment as they saw no shadow of the body between them!

Just then, the figure of Rod Harris rounded the corner and hurtled into the midst of the police. "Save me!" he cried in terror. "I...I'll confess...I killed him...just...just save me from that shadow following me!"

Gripping the trembling killer tightly in his huge hands, Flaherty looked up and down the street in bewilderment. "What shadow? There was nothing following you!"

Then, as a sudden understanding flooded through the detective's mind, he looked down at the shadows of the two ambulance men holding the corpse...and saw that the Hindu magician now cast an unmistakable shadow...a shadow that had rejoined the dead body from which it came!

The TIME TRAVELERS



TIME--THE MYSTIC FOURTH DIMENSION! WHAT STRANGE SECRETS WOULD UNFOLD TO OUR WONDERING EYES IF WE COULD PIERCE ITS DARK VEIL, PLUMB THE MYSTERIES OF THE PAST--AND FUTURE! BUT FROM THE BEGINNING OF LIFE ITSELF, SUCH KNOWLEDGE HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN TO ALL MORTALS, EXCEPT ONE--**NOSTRADAMUS!**

AND WHEN THAT MIGHTY PROPHET AND METAPHYSICIAN OF THE MIDDLE AGES PASSED ON THE STRANGE SECRET OF TIME TO TWO YOUNG 20TH CENTURY ADVENTURERS, THERE BEGAN THE DEADLIEST DATE WITH DANGER IN HUMAN HISTORY!

THUS SPAKE NOSTRADAMUS-- GREATEST SEER OF THE AGES-- PROPHET WHO SAW THROUGH TIME TO THE VERY HOUR OF DOOM ITSELF --

--AND IT SHALL COME TO PASS, IN THE YEAR 1955, THAT NATION SHALL RISE AGAINST NATION IN INSANE WARFARE! NATURE'S MIGHTIEST FORCES SHALL SOAR HEAVENWARD IN A MUSHROOMING CLOUD-- AND THE EARTH SHALL PERISH THROUGH POISONED PARTICLES WHICH SHALL EXTERMINATE EVERY LIVING THING!

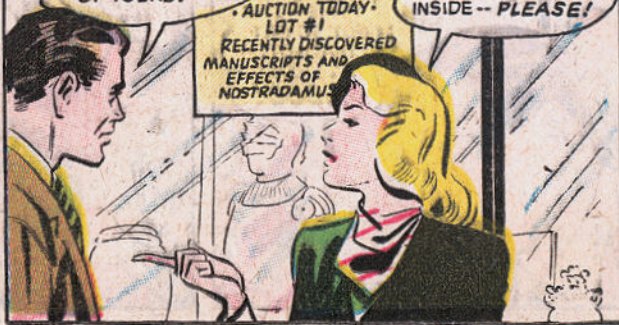


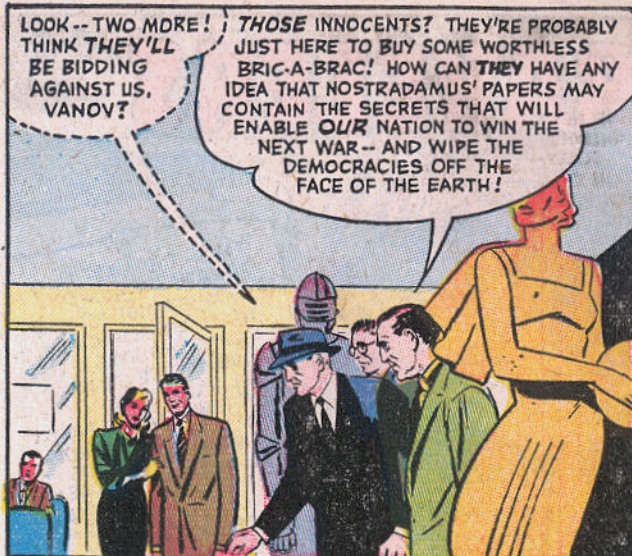
IT'S NOW 400 YEARS SINCE NOSTRADAMUS MADE THAT PROPHECY -- JUST SIX YEARS SHORT OF THAT DATE WITH DOOM -- ON A NEW YORK STREET --

IS THIS WHAT YOU COAXED ME OUT OF MY LAB FOR, PEGGY? I'M A SCIENTIST-- DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BE INTERESTED IN THIS OLD FRAUD'S PAPERS, EVEN IF HE IS AN OBSESSION OF YOURS?

NOSTRADAMUS WASN'T A FRAUD, TOM--AND I CAN'T HELP BEING FASCINATED BY HIS AMAZINGLY ACCURATE PREDICTIONS! AND ANYWAY, IT'LL DO YOU GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THAT OLD CYCLOTRON FOR AN HOUR! COME ON INSIDE-- PLEASE!

AUCTION TODAY-- LOT #1 RECENTLY DISCOVERED MANUSCRIPTS AND EFFECTS OF NOSTRADAMUS





LOOK--TWO MORE!
THINK THEY'LL
BE BIDDING
AGAINST US,
VANOV?

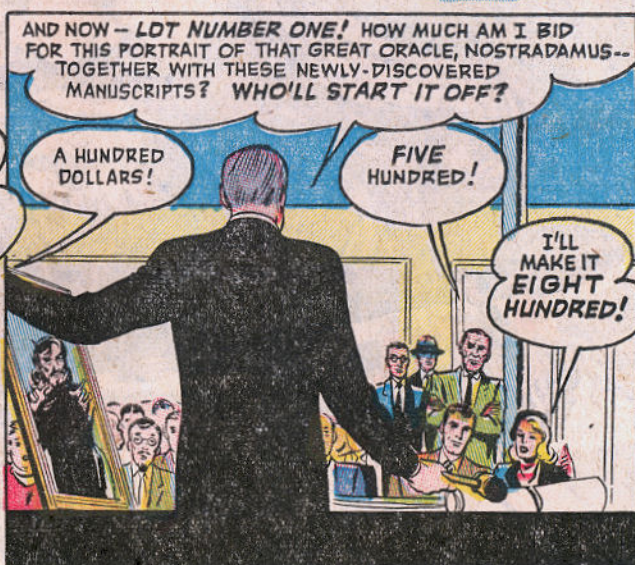
THOSE INNOCENTS? THEY'RE PROBABLY
JUST HERE TO BUY SOME WORTHLESS
BRIC-A-BRAC! HOW CAN THEY HAVE ANY
IDEA THAT NOSTRADAMUS' PAPERS MAY
CONTAIN THE SECRETS THAT WILL
ENABLE OUR NATION TO WIN THE
NEXT WAR-- AND WIPE THE
DEMOCRACIES OFF THE
FACE OF THE EARTH!

PEOPLE HAVE LAUGHED AT NOSTRADAMUS'
PREDICTION THAT 1956 WOULD WITNESS THE
DESTRUCTION OF ALL LIFE -- BUT THEY'RE
FORGETTING THAT ALL HIS OTHER PROPHECIES
HAVE COME TRUE! THIS ONE OBVIOUSLY
REFERS TO AN ATOMIC OR HYDROGEN
BOMB EXPLOSION! ONLY A FEW
SCHOLARS KNOW THAT THERE
WAS A SECOND PART TO
HIS PREDICTION ---



---THAT ALL THIS WOULD TAKE PLACE
UNLESS THE MAGIC COUNTERAGENT
TO THE POISONED PARTICLES-- RADIOACTIVE
SUBSTANCES --WERE FOUND! AND IF
THE OLD BOY KNEW OF SUCH A
COUNTERAGENT, PERHAPS THESE
NEWLY-DISCOVERED PAPERS OF
HIS DESCRIBE IT! IF WE CAN
GET HOLD OF IT, OUR PART OF
THE WORLD WILL BE IMMUNE TO
RADIOACTIVITY--BUT THE
DEMOCRACIES WILL PERISH!

IT'S TIME,
VANOV!
THEY'RE
ABOUT TO
START THE
BIDDING!



AND NOW -- LOT NUMBER ONE! HOW MUCH AM I BID
FOR THIS PORTRAIT OF THAT GREAT ORACLE, NOSTRADAMUS--
TOGETHER WITH THESE NEWLY-DISCOVERED
MANUSCRIPTS? WHO'LL START IT OFF?

A HUNDRED
DOLLARS!

FIVE
HUNDRED!

I'LL
MAKE IT
EIGHT
HUNDRED!



THE BIDDING MOUNTS--UP!

FOUR
THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

DON'T BE A STUBBORN
IDIOT, PEGGY! EVERY-
ONE'S DROPPED OUT
EXCEPT YOU AND THAT
SHOUTING DOPE --
AND IT'S TIME
YOU QUIT! SURE,
YOU'RE RICH AND
CAN AFFORD IT,
BUT --

YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH
NOSTRADAMUS
ALWAYS MEANT
TO ME-- I'VE
GOT TO GET
THAT LOT!--
I'LL BID
\$5,000!



IT'S A DUEL OF DOLLARS--
UNTIL --

THE FOOL-- HOW CAN THAT LOT
BE WORTH \$9,500 TO HER!
I NEVER DREAMED THE
BIDDING WOULD GO
THIS HIGH -- I ONLY
BROUGHT \$10,000--
SO HERE
GOES!

TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

\$10,500!



GOING ONCE--GOING TWICE-- GONE!
SOLD-- TO THE LADY IN THE FRONT
ROW!

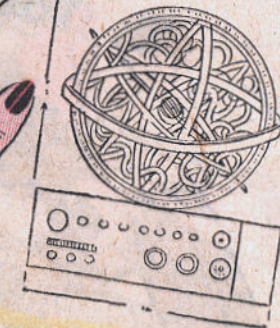
SHE WON'T GET
AWAY WITH IT --
WE CAN'T LEAVE HER!
WE'LL FOLLOW IN
OUR CAR -- AND
WHEN WE GET
THEM ALONE,
WE'LL
STRIKE!

BACK IN DR. TOM REDFIELD'S LABORATORY ---

ANCIENT DOCUMENTS
FROM THE DARK
AGES -- AND
THEY'RE
FASCINATING!

NOT TO ME! I CAN'T WASTE
TIME ON THAT OLD COOT'S
SCRIBBLING WHEN THIS NEW-
TYPE CYCLOTRON I'M BUILDING
HAS ME TIED IN KNOTS! GOLLY --
IF ONLY I COULD HIT ON SOME
NEW CURVE PATTERN FOR
THE CONCENTRIC
NEUTRON-ACCELERATING
TUBES ---

WHY, WHAT AN ODD-LOOKING BLUEPRINT!
TEMPUS MACHINA -- WHY, TOM!
THAT'S LATIN FOR
TIME MACHINE!



Tempus Machina

MAYBE THAT'S HOW NOSTRADAMUS
COULD PREDICT THE FUTURE SO
ACCURATELY, TOM! MAYBE HE LEARNED
THE SECRET OF **TIME TRAVEL** AND
WAS ABLE TO **VISIT** THE FUTURE!
THAT WAY, HIS PROPHECIES COULD
HAVE BEEN WHAT HE'D **SEEN**
HAPPENING IN FUTURE CENTURIES!
AND NOW THIS BLUEPRINT WILL
GIVE **US** THE SECRET!

PRIVATE LABORATORY
NO ADMITTANCE
DR. T. REDFIELD

HEAR THAT,
BOYS? WE
CAN **USE**
THOSE PLANS--
COME ON!

THAT'S NONSENSE!
LET ME SEE THE --
HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S THOSE
MEN WHO WERE
BIDDING AGAINST
YOU!

RIGHT--AND THIS
TIME, WE'LL **GET** WHAT
WE WERE BIDDING FOR!
**HAND OVER THOSE
TIME MACHINE
PLANS -- FAST!**

COME AND
GET 'EM --
**IF YOU
CAN STAND
UP!**

OOF!

WHAM!

AND AS THE SPIES STRUGGLE ERECT --

IF YOU LADS THOUGHT A SCIENTIST
WAS A SOFTY -- **BROTHER,**
WERE YOU EVER
WRONG!

**LOOK
OUT!**

CRASH!

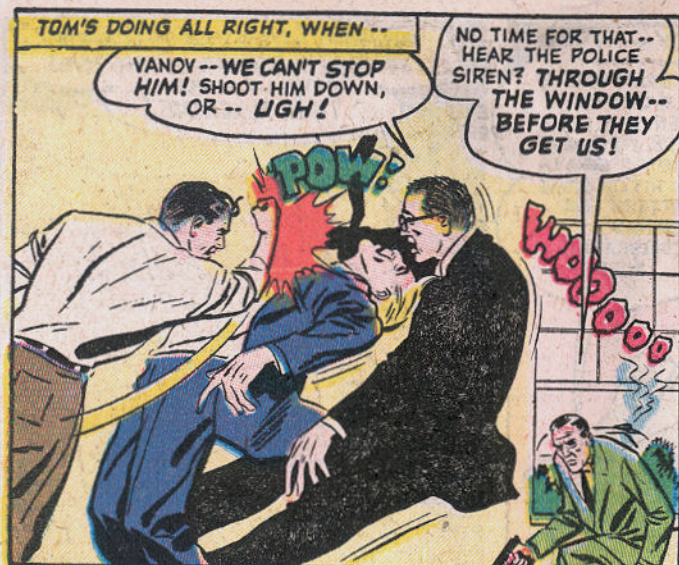
BAM!

POW!

**CALLING CAR 79 --
CALLING CAR 79 --
INVESTIGATE REPORTED
DISTURBANCE AT
REDFIELD
LABORATORY!**

THAT'S OUR
CALL--AND
REDFIELD'S
LAB IS JUST
AROUND THE
CORNER!
**LET'S
GO!**





TOM'S DOING ALL RIGHT, WHEN --

VANOV -- WE CAN'T STOP HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN, OR -- UGH!

NO TIME FOR THAT -- HEAR THE POLICE SIREN? THROUGH THE WINDOW -- BEFORE THEY GET US!



HALT, YOU, OR ---

HURRY -- MAKE FOR THE CAR!

BANG!

SORRY THEY GOT AWAY, DR. REDFIELD -- BUT YOU CAN BE SURE THIS WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! WE KNOW HOW IMPORTANT YOUR NUCLEAR RESEARCH IS, AND WE'LL SEE TO IT THAT A 24-HOUR POLICE GUARD IS PUT AROUND YOUR LAB! AND JUST IN CASE THOSE BIRDS TRY FOR YOU ON THE OUTSIDE, HERE'S SOME TEAR-GAS PELLETS THAT'LL SEND 'EM CRYING HOME TO MAMA!

THANKS, LIEUTENANT! I'LL CARRY THEM AROUND WITH ME -- JUST IN CASE!

GOSH, TOM, I NEVER DREAMED YOU COULD FIGHT LIKE THAT! I GUESS WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THOSE MEN -- BUT IF THE PLANS WERE THAT VALUABLE TO THEM, THEN THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO THAT TIME MACHINE!

NUTS! THIS TEMPUS MACHINA SEEMS TO BE NOTHING BUT ONE OF THOSE ARMILLARY SPHERES USED BY MEDIEVAL ASTRONOMERS AND METAPHYSICIANS -- NO! WAIT -- THIS IS ASTOUNDING! IT LOOKS AS IF NOSTRADAMUS DID HAVE SOMETHING ON THE BALL, AT THAT!



YOU MEAN THAT THESE REALLY ARE PLANS FOR A WORKABLE TIME MACHINE? HOW WONDERFUL!

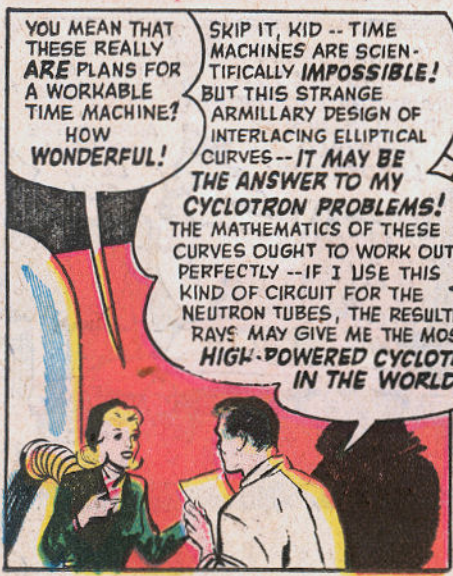
SKIP IT, KID -- TIME MACHINES ARE SCIENTIFICALLY IMPOSSIBLE! BUT THIS STRANGE ARMILLARY DESIGN OF INTERLACING ELLIPTICAL CURVES -- IT MAY BE THE ANSWER TO MY CYCLOTRON PROBLEMS! THE MATHEMATICS OF THESE CURVES OUGHT TO WORK OUT PERFECTLY -- IF I USE THIS KIND OF CIRCUIT FOR THE NEUTRON TUBES, THE RESULTING RAYS MAY GIVE ME THE MOST HIGH-POWERED CYCLOTRON IN THE WORLD!

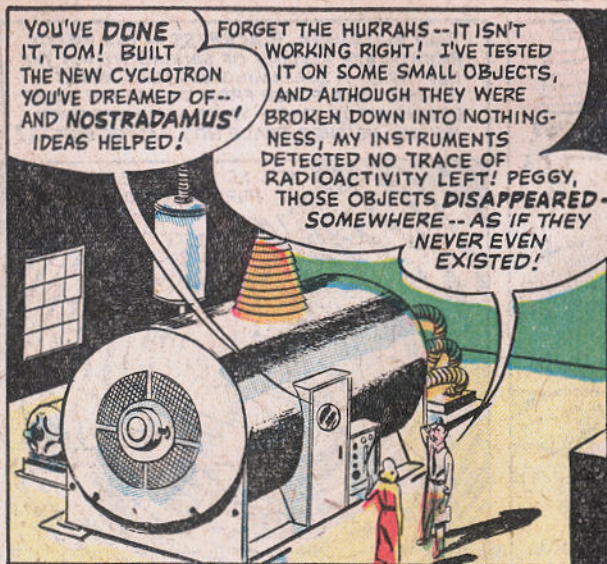
OF COURSE, NOSTRADAMUS COULDN'T HAVE FORESEEN ALL THIS -- HE PROBABLY HIT ON THAT DESIGN ACCIDENTALLY! BUT IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I'LL HAVE HIM TO THANK FOR A RADICALLY NEW TYPE CYCLOTRON THAT WILL REDUCE LARGE OBJECTS TO SUB-ATOMIC PARTICLES! PEGGY -- HANG UP THAT WONDERFUL OLD FORTUNE-TELLER'S PORTRAIT ON THE WALL -- WHILE I GET TO WORK!

WEEKS LATER --

THE POLICE HAVE RELAXED THEIR GUARD AROUND THE LABORATORY, VANOV -- THEY'VE LEFT THE PLACE UNCOVERED DURING THE DAY!

AH, IT PAID US TO WAIT UNTIL THEY WERE LULLED INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY! WE'LL CRACK DOWN NOW -- AND THIS TIME, WE WON'T FAIL!





YOU'VE **DONE** IT, TOM! BUILT THE NEW CYCLOTRON YOU'VE DREAMED OF-- AND **NOSTRADAMUS'** IDEAS HELPED!

FORGET THE HURRAHS--IT ISN'T WORKING RIGHT! I'VE TESTED IT ON SOME SMALL OBJECTS, AND ALTHOUGH THEY WERE BROKEN DOWN INTO NOTHINGNESS, MY INSTRUMENTS DETECTED NO TRACE OF RADIOACTIVITY LEFT! PEGGY, THOSE OBJECTS **DISAPPEARED**-- SOMEWHERE--AS IF THEY NEVER EVEN EXISTED!



I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! MATTER JUST CAN'T BE UTTERLY DESTROYED WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE! ALL I DO KNOW IS I'M SORRY I EVER USED THAT OLD FAKE'S CIRCUIT DESIGN!

SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK HE'S TO BLAME! HE WAS TOO WISE TO MAKE ANY MISTAKES--HE FORESAW TOO MUCH OF THE FUTURE--

HERE'S SOMETHING HE DIDN'T FORESEE! TURN AROUND--AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!



YOU AGAIN, EH? OKAY, YOU'VE GOT THE PLANS-- BUT ONLY A **SCIENTIST** CAN MAKE USE OF THEM!

YES--THE SCIENTISTS OF MY COUNTRY-- AND WE'LL USE THEM TO WIPE THE DEMOCRACIES FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

WE'LL BUILD NOSTRADAMUS' TIME MACHINE--AND USE IT TO GO BACK TO HIS AGE AND FORCE FROM HIM THE SECRET OF THE ATOMIC COUNTERAGENT HE SPOKE ABOUT! AND OUR SIDE WILL USE IT, SO THAT IN THE ATOMIC WAR OF 1956, ONLY OUR NATION WILL SURVIVE!

GOOD GOSH-- I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! THOSE TEAR GAS PELLETS IN MY POCKET--



TOM-- LOOK OUT!

REACHING FOR A GUN, EH? IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT!

OH-HH!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA-- THROW THEM BOTH INTO THE CYCLOTRON CHAMBER! WE'LL REDUCE THEM TO ATOMS-- AND THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT TO PUT THE F.B.I. ON OUR TRAIL!

NO! LET ME GO!

COME ON-- IN YOU GO!



STOP--YOU CAN'T DO THIS! **HELP!**

AND NOW FOR THE MASTER SWITCH!--ONE MILLION VOLTS, EH? HERE GOES!

A MOMENTARY
CRACKLE -- A
MOUNTING
ROAR!
AND SUDDENLY,
THE CYCLOTRON
CHAMBER IS
BATHED IN A
STRANGE, EERIE,
MILLION-VOLTAGE
BEAM -- A BEAM
OF HIGH-
VELOCITY,
ATOM-SMASHING
NEUTRONS
THAT HIT
LIKE
A THUNDER-
BOLT!

ARGH! SOMETHING'S--
HAPPENING TO US!
LIKE BEING TORN
APART -- BODIES--
DISAPPEARING--

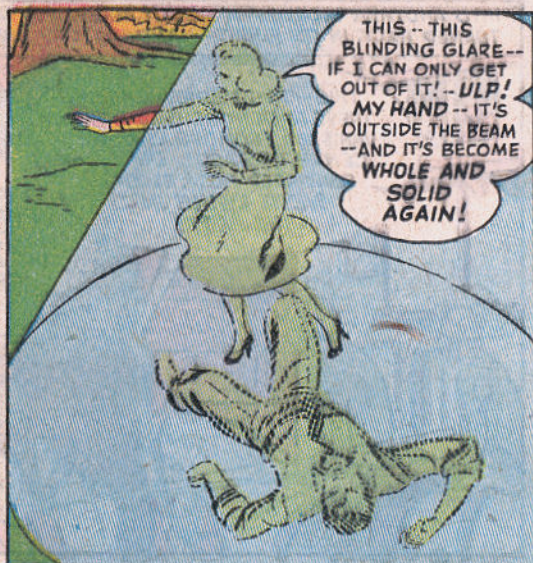
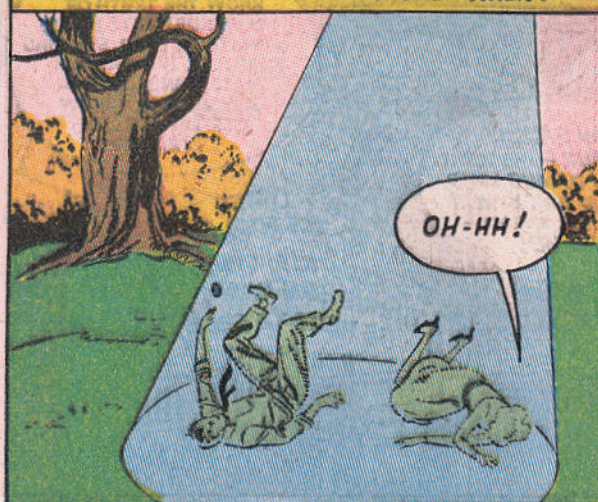
THEN BLACKNESS, BLACKNESS -- THE WEIRD,
BREATHLESS FEELING OF SINKING WITHIN THE
DEPTHS OF A SCREAMING VORTEX! WHAT
IRRISISTIBLE FORCE FROM OUT OF THE GREAT
UNKNOWN IS THIS -- WHAT NEW DIMENSION
WHERE NEITHER SPACE NOR MATTER EXISTS?

IT'S AS IF -- WE'RE BEING
HURLED THROUGH --
AN IMPENETRABLE
WALL!

YES, PEGGY, THROUGH AN
IMPENETRABLE WALL --
THROUGH THE STRANGE
DIMENSION OF TIME ITSELF!
DOWN DOWN THE SPIRALS
OF THE AGES, WHILE THE
CLOCK OF THE CENTURIES--
WHIRLS BACKWARDS--
INTO THE PAST!



THEN, WITH A SUDDEN THUD, OUT OF THE UNKNOWN --
DOWN TO EARTH ONCE MORE! BUT WHERE -- WHEN?



BRACE YOURSELF, DEAR, BUT
I DON'T KNOW THE PLACE --
OR EVEN THE TIME! THOSE
SPIES -- THEY PUT US INTO
THE CYCLOTRON AFTER THEY
KNOCKED YOU OUT -- AND
TURNED THE POWER ON!
IT WAS HORRIBLE -- OUR
BODIES SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR,
AND WE WERE DRAWN INTO WHAT
MUST HAVE BEEN THE **FOURTH
DIMENSION -- TIME!** THE
CENTURIES SEEMED TO BE
FLASHING BY -- I SAW ABE
LINCOLN, NAPOLEON --

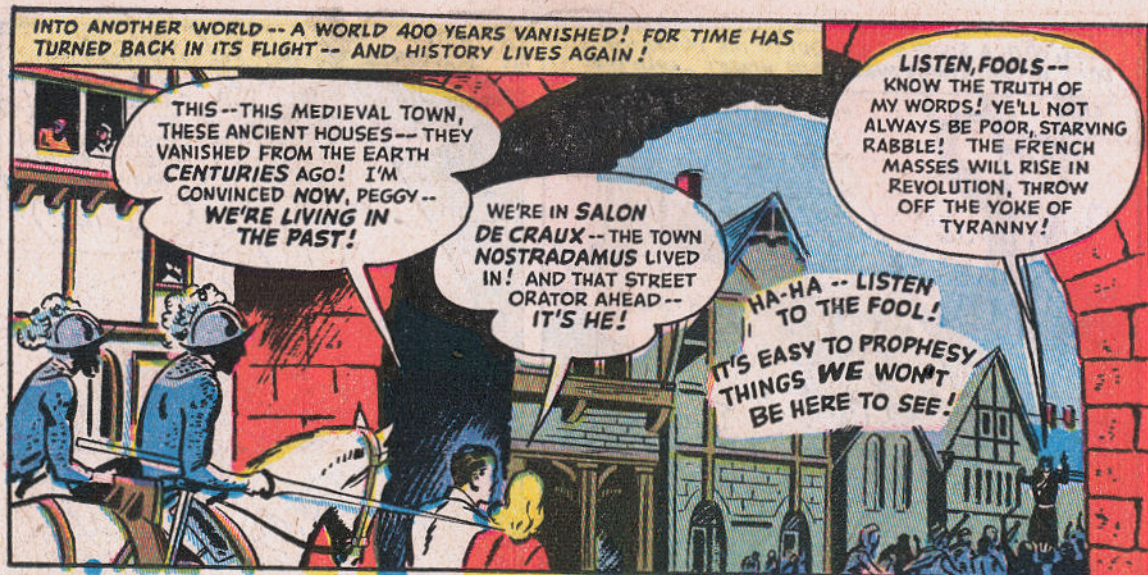


YOU'RE NUTS, BABY --
YOU WERE DREAMING!
WHY, WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING WOULD
MEAN THAT THE
CYCLOTRON
HAD BECOME ---

YES -- A TIME
MACHINE IN
ITSELF! IT WAS
NOSTRADAMUS'
DESIGN THAT DID
IT -- AND IF YOU
WANT **PROOF --**
**LOOK OVER
THERE!**



INTO ANOTHER WORLD -- A WORLD 400 YEARS VANISHED! FOR TIME HAS TURNED BACK IN ITS FLIGHT -- AND HISTORY LIVES AGAIN!



THIS -- THIS MEDIEVAL TOWN, THESE ANCIENT HOUSES -- THEY VANISHED FROM THE EARTH CENTURIES AGO! I'M CONVINCED NOW, PEGGY -- WE'RE LIVING IN THE PAST!

WE'RE IN SALON DE CRAUX -- THE TOWN NOSTRADAMUS LIVED IN! AND THAT STREET ORATOR AHEAD -- IT'S HE!

LISTEN, FOOLS -- KNOW THE TRUTH OF MY WORDS! YE'LL NOT ALWAYS BE POOR, STARVING RABBLE! THE FRENCH MASSES WILL RISE IN REVOLUTION, THROW OFF THE YOKE OF TYRANNY!

HA-HA -- LISTEN TO THE FOOL! IT'S EASY TO PROPHECY THINGS WE WON'T BE HERE TO SEE!



DOWN WITH THE FALSE PROPHET!

MOCK NOT THE TRUTH! AND YE SHALL KNOW I SPEAK TRULY -- LISTEN! SOON THERE WILL APPEAR AMONG YE STRANGE VISITORS FROM OUT OF THE UNDREAMED-OF FUTURE -- AND THEY SHALL MAKE YE WEEP TEARS OF BITTER PAIN!

LOOK -- OVER THERE! OUR SOLDIERS BRING TWO CAPTIVES!



THEIR CLOTHING -- SO STRANGE! THEY MUST BE FOREIGNERS FROM A FAR-OFF LAND!

LET US APPROACH THEM -- STRANGERS LIKE THESE ARE A RARITY!



HER LIPS -- HOW STRANGELY RED THEY ARE!

AND THE WAY THEY WEAR THEIR HAIR --

BE OFF WITH YOU, RABBLE! THESE ARE BRITISH SPIES!

ENEMY SPIES, EH? THEN WHY WAIT? HANG THEM NOW!

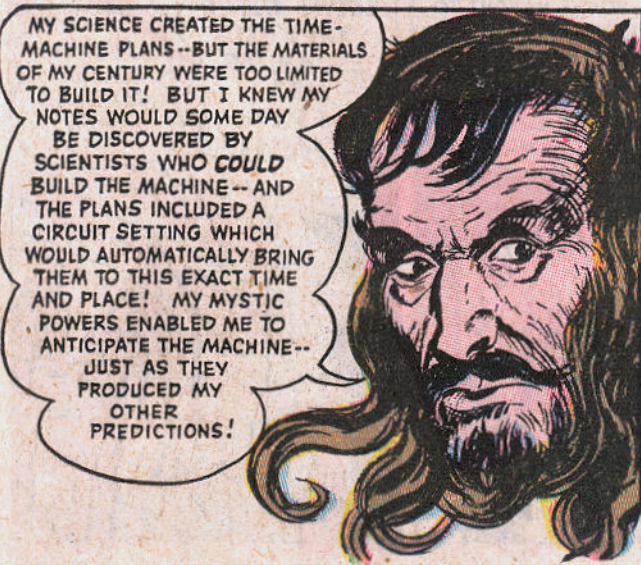
DOWN WITH THEM! KILL THEM!

WAIT! THEY ARE NO ENEMIES -- BUT THE VISITORS FROM THE FUTURE WHOSE COMING I FORETOLD!

BEWARE -- LEST YE INVOKE THE WRATH OF THE FATES BY HARMING THEM! REMEMBER -- YOU'LL PAY FOR IT WITH YOUR TEARS!

THE TRAITOROUS WITCH-DOCTOR DEFENDS THEM -- HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THEM! LET'S HANG THEM ALL!





AH, YES -- 1950 -- YE HAVE BUT SIX MORE YEARS OF LIFE! YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE FORECAST -- DEATH FOR EVERY LIVING CREATURE -- ON THE WINGS OF THE GREATEST EXPLOSION IN HUMAN HISTORY!

BUT -- BUT CAN'T SOMETHING BE DONE TO PREVENT IT? WASN'T THERE SOMETHING IN YOUR PROPHECY ABOUT SOME COUNTERAGENT THAT COULD SAVE HUMANITY?

YES -- BUT NO MAN POSSESSES THE AWFUL DARING AND COURAGE NECESSARY TO OBTAIN IT! ONLY MY STRANGE POWERS COULD HAVE FORETOLD ITS EXISTENCE -- FOR IT LIES BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF EARTH ITSELF! THE SHINING MINERAL THAT CAN ABSORB THE POISONED RAYS -- IT CAN BE FOUND ONLY ON THE PLANET OF VENUS!

THEN IT'S BEYOND OUR REACH, AND THE EARTH IS DOOMED! INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL IS STILL A THING OF THE FUTURE!

AH, BUT HAVE YE FORGOTTEN THE MACHINE WHICH BROUGHT YE HERE? IT COVERS BOTH TIME AND SPACE INSTANTANEOUSLY -- WITHOUT LIMITS! EVEN AS FAR AS THE STARS IT CAN GO -- IF ANY BE STRONG AND RESOLUTE ENOUGH TO BRAVE THE PERILS OF UNKNOWN WORLDS! HERE -- TAKE THIS PAPER WHICH EXPLAINS THE TIME MACHINE'S SETTINGS! IT WILL HELP YE TO TRAVEL TO VENUS -- IF YE BE DARING ENOUGH!

THE WIZARD'S THERE -- I CAN HEAR HIS VOICE!

LISTEN! IT'S THE MOB -- THEY'VE COME FOR US!

BRING UP THE BATTERING RAMS! DEATH TO ALL SPIES AND SORCERERS!

THE DOOR WILL GIVE WAY ANY MINUTE -- AND THEY'VE GOT THE HOUSE SURROUNDED!

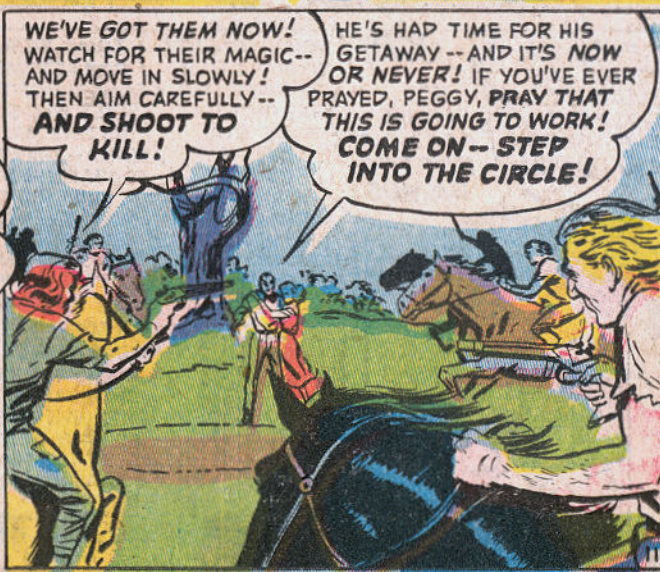
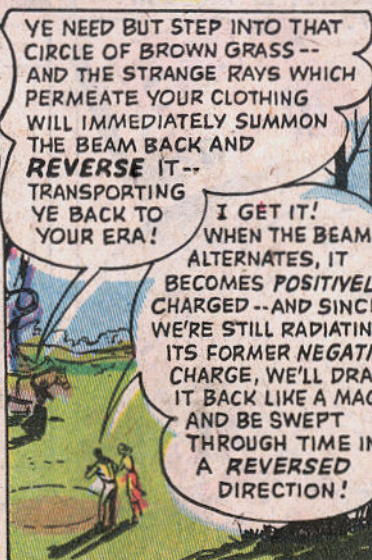
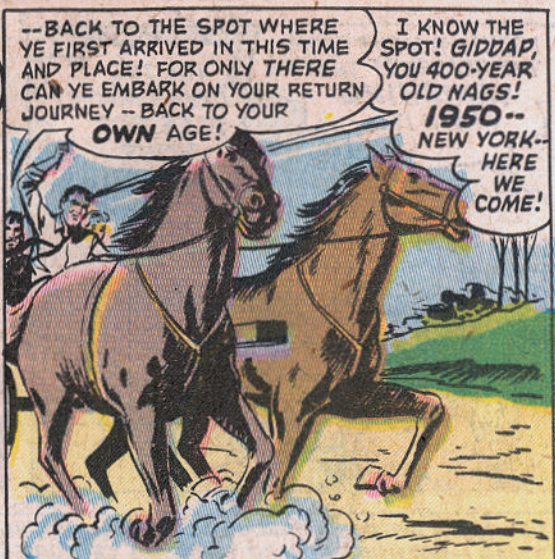
IN -- AND TAKE THEM!

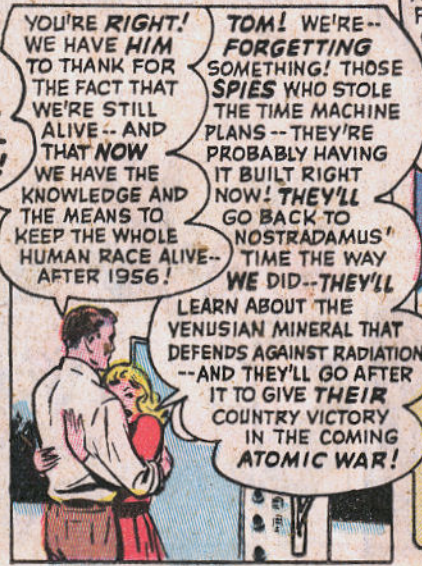
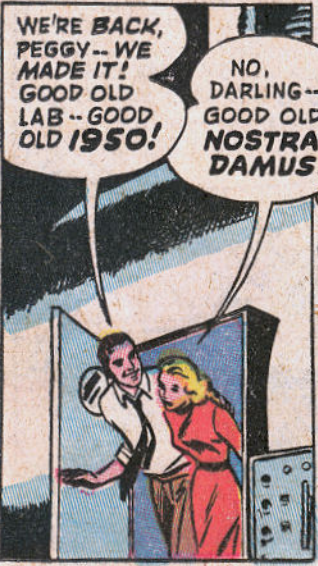
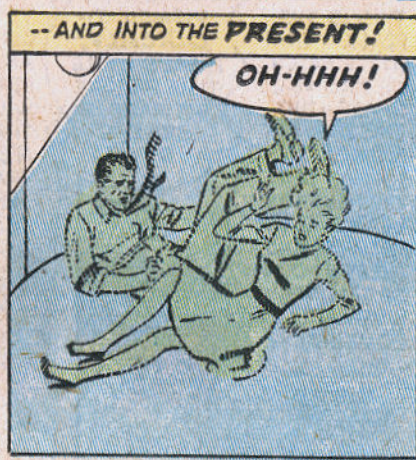
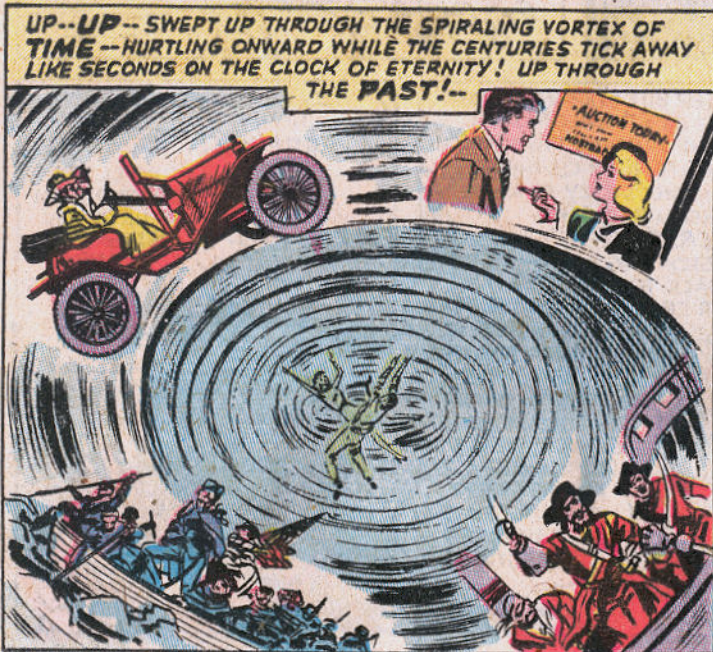
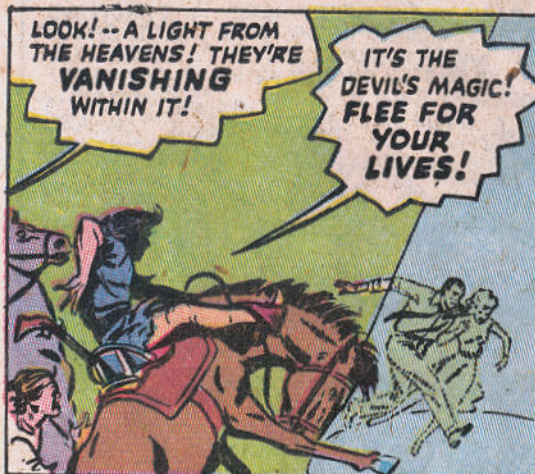
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

COME -- YOU'VE NAUGHT TO FEAR! I PREPARED THIS SECRET PASSAGEWAY FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY -- IT WILL TAKE US OUT JUST BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE CROWD!

LOOK! THERE THEY GO -- ESCAPING US! AFTER THEM!

QUICK -- MAKE FOR THAT COACH!





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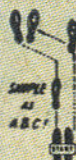
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SLUGGER'S STUNT

THE FOUR burly men put their blackjacks away and began edging out of the dark alley, looking back with satisfaction at the limp, crumpled figure of Sammy Gilbert. But Sammy didn't hear the sound of their footsteps dying away on the soft night air...for the roaring sounds in his dazed head and the throbbing of his heart against bruised ribs produced a chorus of agony that made him oblivious to all else.

Rising at length, Sammy gingerly touched his ribs...and winced as the searing pain ripped through him. Yes, the hired thugs of Battling Reardon had certainly done a thorough job on his midsection. Four of them had jumped him on his way to the stadium where he was to fight Reardon for the lightweight championship that night...and each had taken turns swinging brutally away with rubber-covered blackjacks at his ribs. Rubber truncheons left no marks, Sammy knew...just as he knew that if he was forced to default this fight, he'd never get another chance to challenge the champ whom the whole ring world hated.

They'd tried bribing him to take a dive, and when he'd thrown their emissaries out of his hotel room, they'd pulled this trick...beating him up so badly around the midsection that he'd either have to withdraw from the fight, or else subject himself to a merciless pounding that might well cost him his life. For Sammy knew that if any of his ribs were broken, one punch could send the jagged fragments plung-

ing into his lungs!

"But I've got to take that risk, I've got to go through with the fight!" Sammy mumbled grimly as he staggered out into the street to hail a passing cab.

One hour later, he looked across the ring at the grinning face of Battling Reardon...and knew what to expect. The gong tolled, like the signal for his execution, and Reardon rushed out of his corner like a wild bull, swinging for the ribs. The first blows tore into his body like searing rivets of hot lead. *A rib must've broken, Sammy thought in panic, another blow to the ribs might finish me!*

Reardon got careless and telegraphed his next punch, so that Sammy had time to duck...and catch the blow square in his mouth. The impact knocked his mouthpiece out, and Reardon's eyes lit up with a cruel gleam. Instantly, he switched his attack to the mouth, unable to resist the temptation of cruelly smashing Sammy's teeth before he finished him off.

A left hook and right cross wreaked havoc. But as Reardon grinningly drew back his hand for a third blow to the mouth, Sammy leaped...and put every ounce of bone and muscle behind the uppercut that sent the Champ sprawling through the ropes and out of the ring.

As the referee counted to ten and then raised Sammy's hand as a token of victory, Sammy knew that his slugger's stunt had worked...that purposely letting his mouthpiece fall out had given his ribs the respite he needed to clinch the championship!

Danny Danger

WHO AM I?

THAT'S A QUESTION MANY A HOOD WISHES HE'D ASKED BEFORE RUNNING INTO ME, BUSTER-- BECAUSE A TUSSELE WITH DANNY DANGER MEANS AN UP-RIVER STRETCH FOR CROOKS WHO ARE LUCKY-- AND THE HOSPITAL FOR THOSE WHO AREN'T! I'M A PRIVATE EYE-- I'LL COVER ANY BEAT AND TAKE ANY KIND OF CASE-- AND THE ONE I'M READY TO CRACK INCLUDES EVERYTHING FROM ROUGHHOUSE TO ROMANCE!



Leonard Starr

"I WAS IN MY OFFICE ONE DAY, BROODING ABOUT THE BAGS UNDER MY EYES-- AND TALKING TO ONE OF THEM, WHO HAPPENS TO BE MY SECRETARY!"

BEATS ME WHY I HAVEN'T BEEN CALLED IN ON ANY OF THOSE FIVE BIG JEWEL ROBBERIES, EMMY! AFTER FEEDING ALL THE NEWSPAPER COLUMNISTS IN TOWN A LINE ABOUT HAVING A CLUE TO THOSE JOBS-- I EXPECTED THE VICTIMS TO BE CLAMORING FOR MY SERVICES!

THOSE TREMENDOUS HAULS WERE BAD ENOUGH, DANNY-- BUT WHAT SIMPLY APPEALS ME IS THAT TWO BUTLERS WERE KILLED DURING THE ROBBERIES!



NICE, EH? THOSE MURDERS MEAN THAT MY OLD HEADACHE, INSPECTOR GRAVEL OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, WILL BE ASSIGNED TO CATCH THE JEWEL THIEVES! AND WITH THE GOSSIP COLUMNISTS SPREADING MY TIP THAT THE GREAT DANNY DANGER IS READY TO CRACK DOWN-- INSPECTOR GRAVEL'S SURE TO PESTER ME FOR THE LEADS I DON'T HAVE!

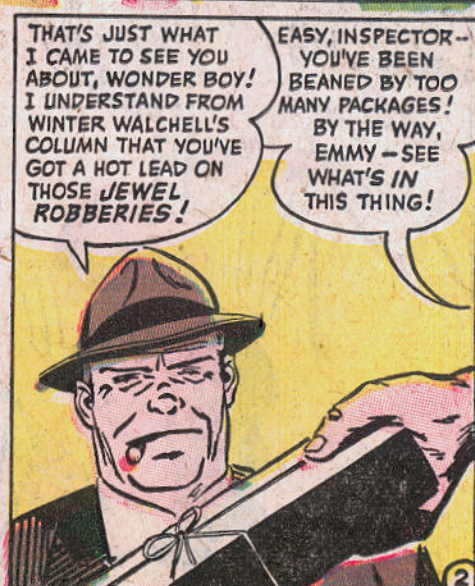
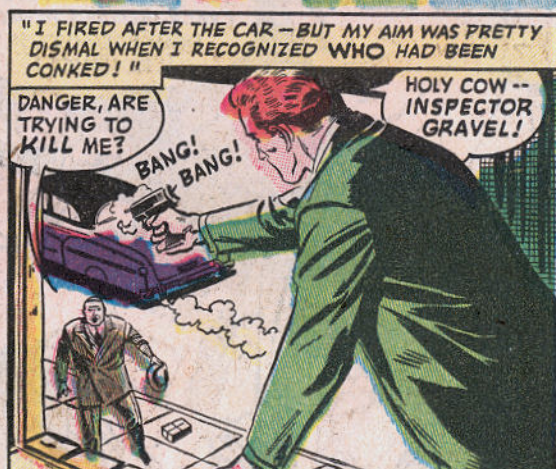
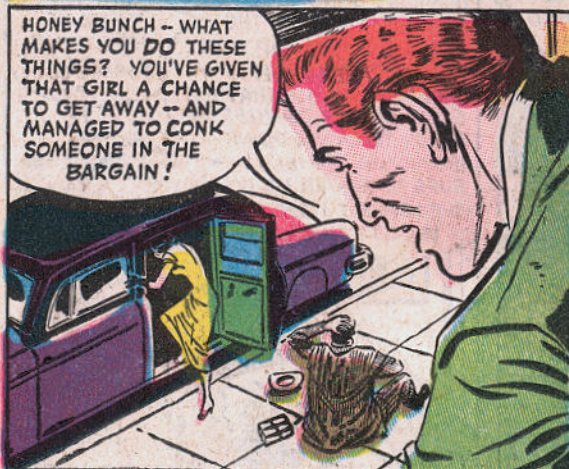
OH, FUDGE, DANNY-- PERK UP! TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING PLEASANT!

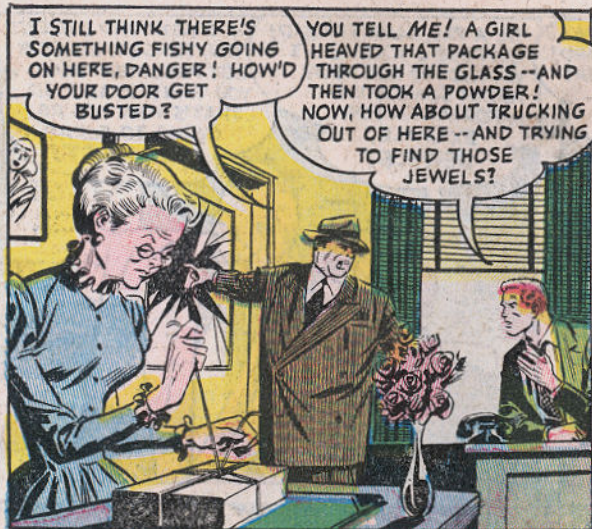


"I DIDN'T HAVE TO TRY VERY HARD--BECAUSE IN THE NEXT MOMENT, I SAW SOMETHING THAT SHATTERED MY LET-DOWN FEELING!"

OH-H, BROTHER!



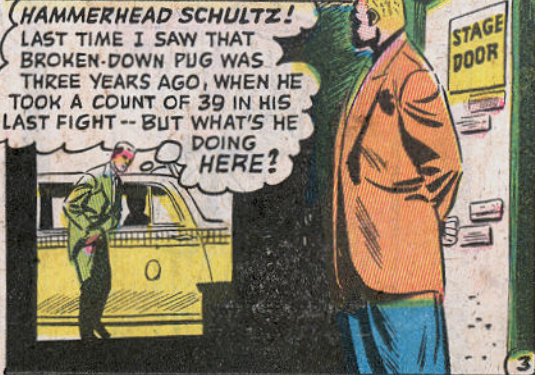




"AFTER GRAVEL LEFT, I HAD TO ADMIT IT LOOKED BAD! WHY WOULD THE JEWEL ROBBERS DUMP THOSE ROCKS IN MY LAP--WHEN I DIDN'T KNOW THEM FROM ADAM? THE MORE I WONDERED, THE MORE MY THOUGHTS BEGAN TO FOLLOW CERTAIN LINES--AND WHAT LINES!"

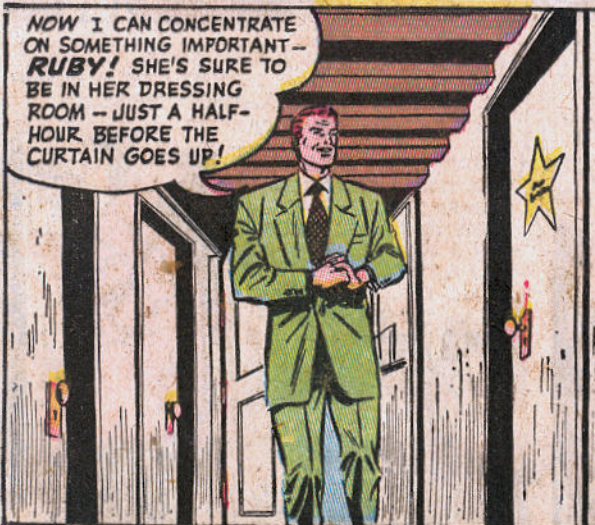


"THEM I HAD! WHAT I WANTED TO PIN UP WAS A FEW CLUES!--AND IT DIDN'T LOOK AS THOUGH I'D GET THEM WHEN I REACHED THE STAGE DOOR OF THE TIVOLI THEATER!"





"YOU PROBABLY KNOW BY NOW THAT I HATE TO BE PUSHED AROUND! UNFORTUNATELY, HAMMERHEAD **DIDN'T!**"



"JEWELS BEING AN ITEM THAT WAS VERY MUCH ON MY MIND AT THE MOMENT, I FOUND IT CONVENIENT TO TIE MY SHOELACE-- WHICH IS ALSO A PERFECTLY GOOD EXCUSE FOR TAKING A GANDER THROUGH A KEYHOLE!"

MY DEAR RUBY-- THINK NOTHING OF IT! I'LL BE PERFECTLY HAPPY TO GIVE YOU \$30,000 FOR YOUR DIAMONDS-- BUT WHY DON'T YOU DISPOSE OF THEM THROUGH A DEALER?

BECAUSE I'M A SILLY, SENTIMENTAL GIRL! IT MEANS SOMETHING TO KNOW MY JEWELS WILL BE OWNED BY SOMEONE WHO'LL CHERISH THEM AS MUCH AS HE CHERISHES ME-- SOMEONE WHO'LL NEVER GIVE THEM UP!

NOW MY SICK MOTHER CAN HAVE THE MEDICAL CARE SHE NEEDS-- THANKS TO YOU, MR. CASWELL! BUT PROMISE YOU WON'T MENTION OUR DEAL TO ANYONE-- I'D HATE TO HAVE MY PUBLIC THINK IT'S ALL A CHEAP PUBLICITY BUILDUP!

DON'T WORRY, LITTLE GIRL-- IT'S OUR SECRET!

THAT'S A VERY TOUCHING ROUTINE-- BUT WHAT GOES ON HERE? IF RUBY'S JEWELS WERE STOLEN, AND ARE NOW OVER AT THE POLICE CUSTODIAN'S OFFICE-- WHERE'D SHE GET THAT ICE SHE'S SELLING CASWELL?



"SUDDENLY I WAS SNAPPED OUT OF THAT PROBLEM BY A PAIR OF SANDPAPER VOICES JUST OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOOR!"

FOR THE LAST TIME, HAMMERHEAD-- DO I GET IN OR DON'T I?

MISS RUBY LAVERNE IS ALLERGIC TO FLAT-FOOTED PHONIES NAMED INSPECTOR GRAVEL, SEE? SO SHOVE OFF-- GO BLOW YOUR WHISTLE -- BEFORE I GET MAD!

"THE NEXT SOUND I HEARD WAS THE RICH, FULL TONE OF A PISTOL BUTT BOUNCING OFF A SKULL WHICH I KNEW WAS HAMMERHEADS!"



I WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK TO RUBY ANYWAY UNTIL CASWELL LEAVES-- AND MEANWHILE, IT'S SURPRISING HOW MUCH I'M READY TO GO THROUGH TO KEEP INSPECTOR GRAVEL FROM BOLLIXING THINGS UP!



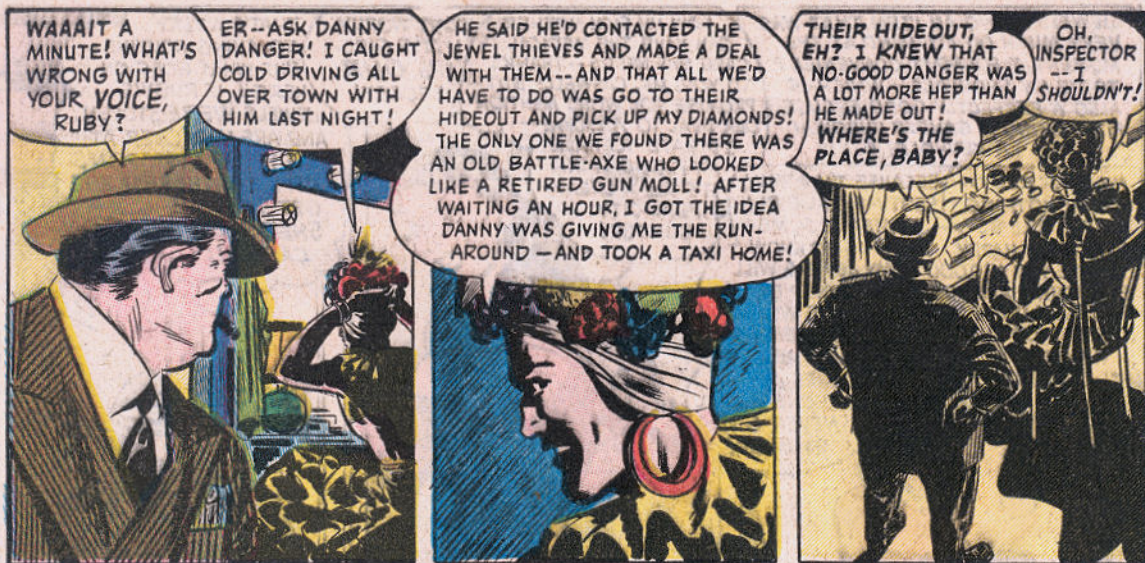
"A MOMENT LATER-- JUST AS I FINISHED WRIGGLING INTO A COSTUME THAT MADE EVEN ME LOOK GOOD--"



RUBY, I'M INSPECTOR GRAVEL OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD! WE'VE GOT YOUR STOLEN JEWELS DOWN AT HEAD-QUARTERS-- AND WHAT INTERESTS ME NOW IS, DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW A CERTAIN LOUD-MOUTHED PRIVATE EYE NAMED DANNY DANGER?

THAT HEEL? DON'T DARE EVEN MENTION HIS NAME, INSPECTOR!





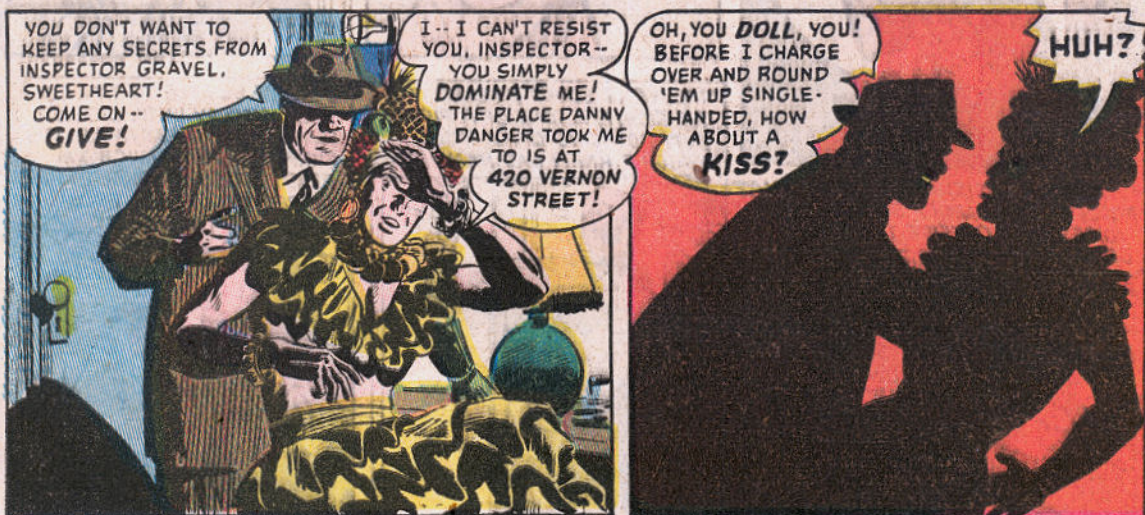
WAAAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR VOICE, RUBY?

ER--ASK DANNY DANGER! I CAUGHT COLD DRIVING ALL OVER TOWN WITH HIM LAST NIGHT!

HE SAID HE'D CONTACTED THE JEWEL THIEVES AND MADE A DEAL WITH THEM--AND THAT ALL WE'D HAVE TO DO WAS GO TO THEIR HIDEOUT AND PICK UP MY DIAMONDS! THE ONLY ONE WE FOUND THERE WAS AN OLD BATTLE-AXE WHO LOOKED LIKE A RETIRED GUN MOLL! AFTER WAITING AN HOUR, I GOT THE IDEA DANNY WAS GIVING ME THE RUN-AROUND--AND TOOK A TAXI HOME!

THEIR HIDEOUT, EH? I KNEW THAT NO-GOOD DANGER WAS A LOT MORE HEP THAN HE MADE OUT! WHERE'S THE PLACE, BABY?

OH, INSPECTOR--I SHOULDN'T!

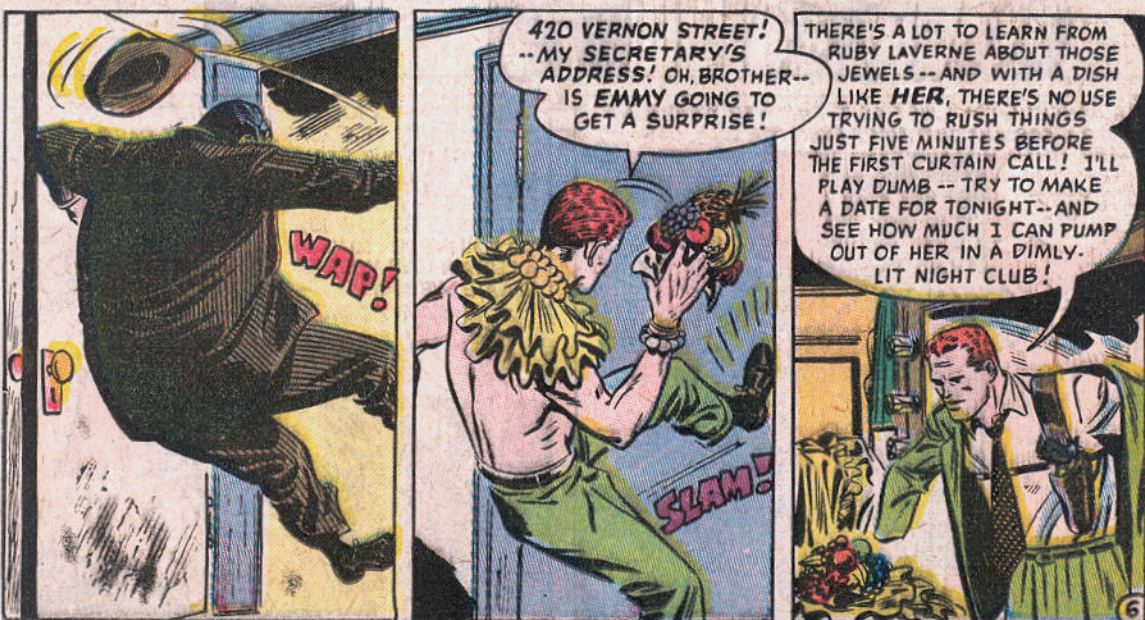


YOU DON'T WANT TO KEEP ANY SECRETS FROM INSPECTOR GRAVEL, SWEETHEART! COME ON--GIVE!

I--I CAN'T RESIST YOU, INSPECTOR--YOU SIMPLY DOMINATE ME! THE PLACE DANNY DANGER TOOK ME TO IS AT 420 VERNON STREET!

OH, YOU DOLL, YOU! BEFORE I CHARGE OVER AND ROUND 'EM UP SINGLE-HANDED, HOW ABOUT A KISS?

HUH?



420 VERNON STREET! --MY SECRETARY'S ADDRESS! OH, BROTHER--IS EMMY GOING TO GET A SURPRISE!

THERE'S A LOT TO LEARN FROM RUBY LAVERNE ABOUT THOSE JEWELS--AND WITH A DISH LIKE HER, THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO RUSH THINGS JUST FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRST CURTAIN CALL! I'LL PLAY DUMB--TRY TO MAKE A DATE FOR TONIGHT--AND SEE HOW MUCH I CAN PUMP OUT OF HER IN A DIMLY-LIT NIGHT CLUB!

"A MOMENT LATER, I WAS GIVING RUBY THE LOWDOWN--
AND TRYING HARD TO KEEP MY WORDS FROM
TRIPPING OVER MY EYES!"

MY JEWELS WERE RETURNED
TO YOUR OFFICE? BUT
WHERE ARE THEY NOW--
AND WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S DANNY DANGER,
SWEETHEART--AND DON'T BELIEVE
EVERYTHING YOU READ ABOUT
ME IN THE NEWSPAPERS!



FOR SOME REASON I HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO FIGURE, YOUR STOLEN TRINKETS
WERE PITCHED THROUGH MY OFFICE
DOOR! THE COPS TOOK THEM
OVER -- AND BEING A STRICTLY
PRIVATE EYE, I SUPPOSE IT'S
NO LONGER ANY OF
MY BUSINESS!



NOW THAT
WE'VE
DISPOSED
OF THE
BUSINESS,
BABY-- SUPPOSE
YOU AND I GO
SOMEWHERE
AFTER THE
SHOW?

THAT'S AWFULLY SWEET
OF YOU, DANNY -- BUT
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
THE FIX I'M IN! MY
GENTLEMEN FRIENDS
ARE ALL -- WELL,
UPPER CRUST-- AND
THEY MIGHTN'T LIKE
IT IF I WERE SEEN
AROUND TOWN WITH
EVEN A NICE
DETECTIVE!



I GET YOUR
DRIFT, RUBY--
BUT CAN'T WE
MAKE BELIEVE
I'M A WELL-
HEELED STOCK
BROKER FOR
JUST ONE
DATE?

YOU MAKE IT
AWFULLY HARD
FOR ME TO SAY
NO, DANNY--
BUT HERE'S
SOMETHING
THAT'LL PROVE
HOW MUCH I'D
LIKE TO!



FIRST
CURTAIN!
ONSTAGE,
MISS
LAYERNE!

O.K., HONEY--
GUESS THAT'S MY
CUE TO BOW
OUT!



"SLIPPING OUT THE STAGE DOOR, I SAW
NO SIGN OF HAMMERHEAD -- NOT THAT
THE BIG APE WAS THE ONE WHO
HAPPENED TO BE ON MY MIND AT THE
MOMENT!"

NO USE GRIPING ABOUT
NOT GETTING TO FIRST
BASE WITH RUBY--ALL
SHE'S INTERESTED
IN IS A BIG
BANK
ACCOUNT!



BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET LINED UP ON THE JEWELS RUBY SOLD TO CASWELL? IT'S A SURE BET I CAN'T ASK HIM FOR A LOOK AT THOSE ROCKS--AFTER HE PROMISED RUBY HE WOULDN'T TELL A SOUL ABOUT HAVING BOUGHT THEM! I'VE GOT TO DIG UP ANOTHER METHOD--AND WITH RUBY TIED UP AT THE THEATER FOR THE NEXT THREE HOURS, I KNOW JUST THE PITCH!

"A HALF-HOUR LATER--AFTER FLASHING MY BADGE IN ONE HAND AND A FIVE DOLLAR BILL IN THE OTHER--I WAS READY TO NOSE AROUND IN RUBY'S APARTMENT!"

HOPE YOU NEVER DO THIS FOR THE WRONG PARTY, FELLA!

I KNOW A PRIVATE EYE WHEN I SEE ONE, BUD! RUBY'S GOT A SLEW OF BOY FRIENDS--AND SOME OF 'EM AREN'T PAST DOING A LITTLE CHECKING UP NOW AND THEN, SEE?

H'M... THAT'S JUST THE TYPE RUBY WOULD BE INTERESTED IN-- PRINCE GIGOLINI!

HE MAY BE A PHONY-- BUT ACCORDING TO THE SOCIETY COLUMNS, THE PRINCE MANAGES TO GET HIMSELF INVITED JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE THAT COUNTS! IT'S A SURE BET HE MUST RATE NO. 1 WITH RUBY-- WHEN HIS PICTURE IS THE ONLY ONE SHE KEEPS AROUND THE PLACE!

WOOSH!

"I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO LOOK OVER RUBY'S STABLE OF MILLIONAIRE ADMIRERS! AS I CLAWED THIS WAY AND THAT, SNATCHING UP THE PICTURES --"

HOLY COW! THOSE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS OUT IN THE CORRIDOR-- THAT CEMENT-MIXER VOICE -- IT'S HAMMERHEAD SCHULTZ!

SOUNDS LIKE HE HAS SOMEONE WITH HIM! I'D BETTER DIVE INTO THIS CLOSET-- AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE!

WAM!



DANNY DANGER!
A NERVE THAT GUY'S
GOT -- TURNIN' UP
HERE AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED AT THE
THEATER TODAY!

HE'S GOING
TO **NEED**
NERVE! --
GET UP,
YOU!



"THE THOUGHT OCCURRED TO ME THAT A SOCIETY PUNK LIKE GIGOLINI HAD NO RIGHT TO GO PACKING A GUN! THAT BEING THE CASE --"

"A LOT OF SPORTS WRITERS CLAIM THAT HAMMERHEAD NEVER **DID** HAVE A WALLOP! WELL -- IN THE NEXT MOMENT, I WAS IN A POSITION TO DISAGREE!"

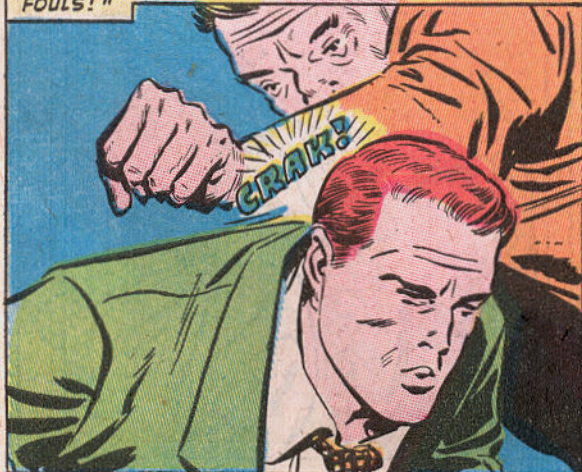
YOU SHOULD PAID A LITTLE MORE ATTENTION TO THAT NOTE WE SENT WITH THE JEWELS, DANGER!



"COME TO THINK OF IT -- GIGOLINI WASN'T BAD FOR HIS WEIGHT, EITHER!"



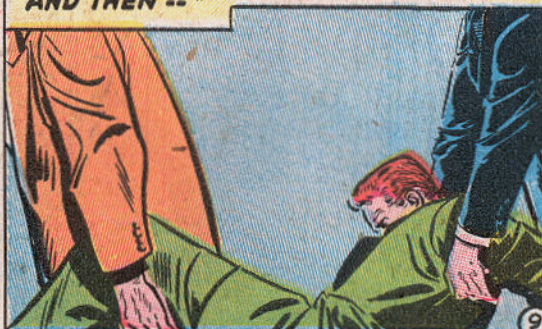
"EXCEPT THIS TIME, AS HAMMERHEAD COULD HAVE TOLD ME, THERE WASN'T ANY REFEREE AROUND TO WATCH FOR FOULS!"

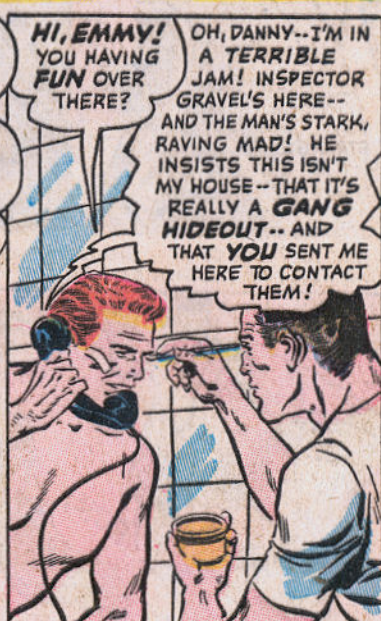


"THE ROOM WHIRLED LIKE A JET-PROPELLED MERRY-GO-ROUND -- AND NOW I KNEW HOW HAMMERHEAD MUST HAVE OFTEN FELT JUST BEFORE THE REF STOPPED THE FIGHT!"



"A LOT OF NOISY BELLS AND TWITTERING BIRDS INTERFERED WITH MY HEARING WHAT THEY SAID NEXT! BUT THE GENERAL DRIFT SEEMED TO BE THAT I MUST HAVE BEEN HIRED BY ONE OF RUBY'S ADMIRERS TO SNOOP AROUND -- WHICH, AS HAMMERHEAD BRIGHTLY POINTED OUT, EXPLAINED THE PICTURES ON THE FLOOR! I HEARD AN ELEVATOR DOOR WHIRR OPEN -- **AND THEN --**"







YEP -- I MUST LOOK MIGHTY CONVINCING WHEN THE MANAGER HIMSELF IS BREAKING A LEG TO WAIT ON ME!



MAKE ME UP AN ORCHID CORSAGE-- SAY ABOUT TWO DOZEN! NOTHING **CHEAP**, YOU UNDERSTAND!

OH, NO, SIR! OF **COURSE** NOT!



HERE YOU ARE, SIR! THIS WILL BE \$72.00!

CHARGE IT! THE NAME'S--ER-- **GRAVEL**-- 960 MADISON AVENUE!



CERTAINLY, MR. GRAVEL! STRANGE--BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT 960 MADISON AVENUE WAS THE ADDRESS OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

WHAT A QUAINOT NOTION!



"WHEEZING OVER TO THE TIVOLI THEATER-- I RAN INTO RUBY LAVERNE JUST IN TIME!"

WHAT PERFECTLY DIVINE ORCHIDS! AND TO THINK YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM DES MOINES TO SEE MY SHOW, MR. -- WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

WEATHERBY-- ORVILLE P. WEATHERBY!



TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, LITTLE GIRL, I HAD **ANOTHER** REASON FOR CHARTERING A PLANE AND COMING EAST! YOU SEE, I PROMISED ONE OF MY LADY FRIENDS A DIAMOND NECKLACE -- AND WHEN I PAY \$50,000 FOR A NECKLACE, I WANT SOMETHING WITH A NEW YORK LABEL!



BUT WHY TALK ABOUT THAT NOW? TALL AND TORCHY-- HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME PAINTING THE TOWN?

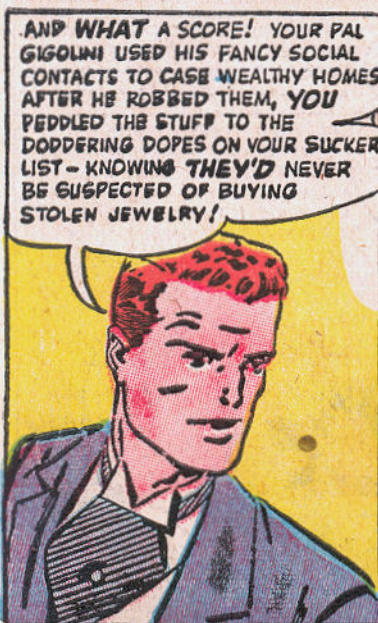
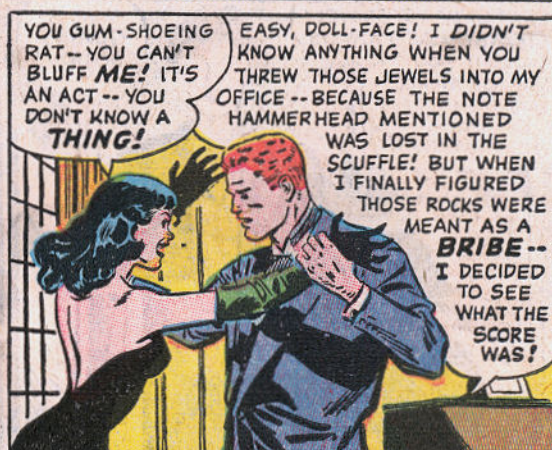
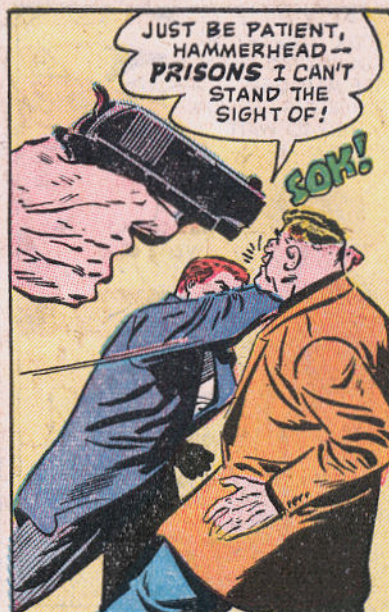
I'M JUST NOT IN THE MOOD, MR. WEATHERBY-- BUT PLEASE, WON'T YOU COME OVER TO MY PLACE FOR A WHILE? I--I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT MY POOR SICK MOTHER!



"A FEW MINUTES LATER--WHILE RUBY GAVE OUT WITH THE SAME HEART-BREAKING LINE THAT HAD RAISED A LUMP IN CASWELL'S THROAT--"

ACTUALLY, A HARDWORKING SHOW GIRL LIKE MYSELF HASN'T A DIME TO HER NAME, MR. WEATHERBY! AND WHEN I THINK OF MOTHER WAITING ON OUR LITTLE FARM-- WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR WHO NEVER COMES-- I **KNOW** I'VE GOT TO SELL MY DIAMONDS!

MY POOR LITTLE RUBY --HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU TO SELL THEM TO ME?



THE GREAT GOD BRAHMA

Strange how the distant hoot of ships, fogbound in the night, can make a man welcome the sight of a stranger! But should Craig have wondered at the haunting mood that **SENT** him to a lonely cliff at midnight? Should he have guessed the **PURPOSE** of this chance meeting? Perhaps **WE** can suspect more than Craig did, as we read.. drawing closer to the answer -- **CLOSER TO THE GREAT GOD BRAHMA!**



CRAIG HAD BEEN WANDERING ON THE MISTY BLUFFS WHEN THE CLOAKED FIGURE LOOMED IN HIS PATH -- AND TOGETHER THEY LISTENED TO THE BAYING MOAN OF A FREIGHTER ANCHORED OUTSIDE THE BREAKWATER...

THE "ORPHIS" -- IN FROM THE STATES!

DON'T I KNOW IT? I'M SAILING BACK WITH HER TOMORROW -- AND LEAVING THESE BENIGHTED PARTS!

Wooooo!

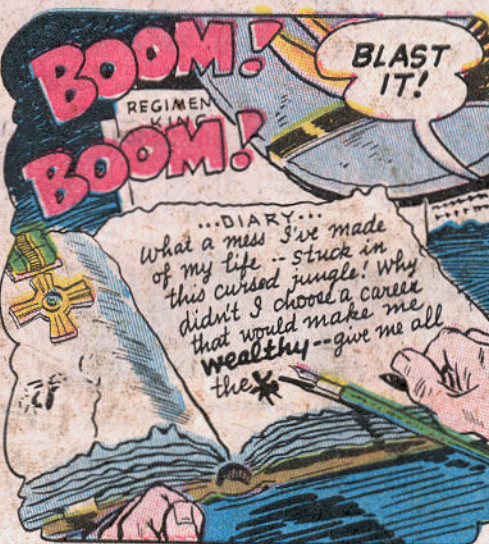
BENIGHTED? PERHAPS -- BUT AN AMAZING COUNTRY!

AMAZING IT IS -- AND NO ONE WOULD KNOW BETTER THAN MYSELF! I'VE SPENT EIGHTEEN YEARS IN BURMA WITH A RIFLE REGIMENT, AND FOR AMAZING THINGS -- EVER HEAR OF SAIGON SMITH?





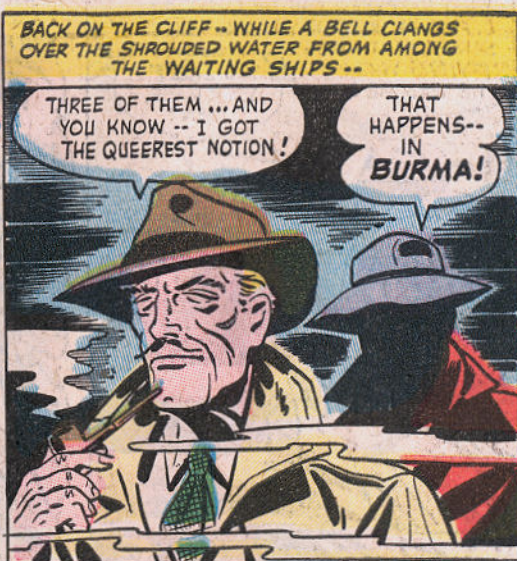
"BROKE IN, THEY DID -- AND A BLOOMIN' FUSS IT CAUSED! DID YOU EVER FEEL DRUMS RATHER THAN HEAR THEM -- FEEL THEM RIGHT DOWN IN THE PIT OF YOUR STOMACH? I'D BEEN TRYING TO WRITE FOR A HALF-HOUR -- LISTENING TO THAT DEEP BEAT... BEAT... BEAT!"





WHO DID IT?

THERE WERE THREE OF THEM, SIR -- SAIGON SMITH AND TWO DESERTERS!



BACK ON THE CLIFF -- WHILE A BELL CLANGS OVER THE SHROUDED WATER FROM AMONG THE WAITING SHIPS --

THREE OF THEM ... AND YOU KNOW -- I GOT THE QUEEREST NOTION!

THAT HAPPENS -- IN BURMA!



"I GOT THE IDEA OF A RACE -- AND HOW CRAZY IT WAS YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!"

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, COLONEL SAHIB! A RACE BETWEEN YOU -- AND BRAHMA?

EXACTLY -- TO SEE WHICH OF US WILL FIND SAIGON SMITH FIRST!



"NOT THAT IT MEANT A GREAT DEAL OF SEARCHING! THOSE BURMESE MAY HAVE HAD FULL FAITH IN THEIR OUTRAGED IDOL -- BUT THEY KEPT THEIR EYE ON SAIGON SMITH IN HIS FLIGHT! WE EVEN LEARNED --"

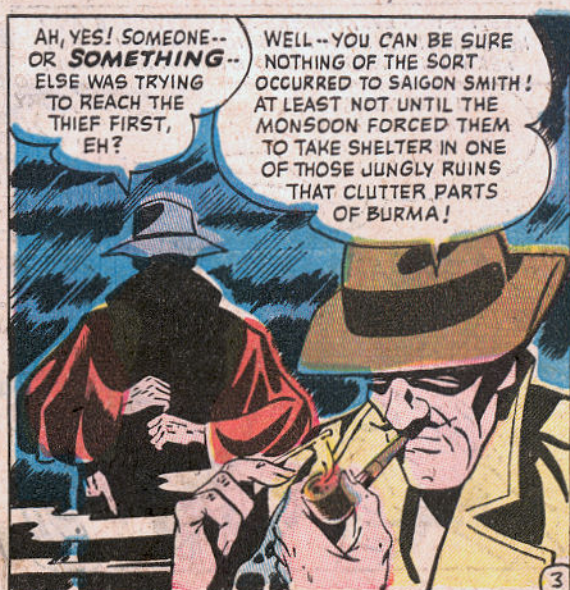
SAIGON AN! OTHERS TRAVEL THAT WAY WITH COOLIE -- CARRY 'EM GEAR!

STRANGE? IN WHAT WAY? VERY STRANGE COOLIE, SAHIB!



"MAYBE THEY DIDN'T WANT TO ANSWER -- AND MAYBE THEY COULDN'T! AND MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE NOTICED HOW THEY SILENTLY RAISED THEIR HANDS TO THEIR FOREHEADS -- AND REMEMBERED WHOM I WAS RACING!"

WELL, WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK, ANYWAY! FORM RANKS!



AH, YES! SOMEONE -- OR SOMETHING -- ELSE WAS TRYING TO REACH THE THIEF FIRST, EH?

WELL -- YOU CAN BE SURE NOTHING OF THE SORT OCCURRED TO SAIGON SMITH! AT LEAST NOT UNTIL THE MONSOON FORCED THEM TO TAKE SHELTER IN ONE OF THOSE JUNGLY RUINS THAT CLUTTER PARTS OF BURMA!



"MAYBE THE COOLIE COULD GIVE YOU THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE! I HAD A DOUBLE RING AROUND THE PLACE -- TAKING NO CHANCES, YOU KNOW --"



"ONE SECOND, THERE WAS NO ONE -- AND IN THE NEXT, HE WAS THERE AND EVERYWHERE -- AND I KNEW WHAT A USELESS THING MY PISTOL WAS!"



"THERE WAS NO USE LOOKING FOR HIM IN THE BUSH-- SO I NIPPED INSIDE FOR SOME LAST WORDS FROM SAIGON SMITH!"

STRANGLER--
THE THREE
OF THEM!

A BIT SINGULAR, ISN'T IT--
ALL THREE, BY ONE
COOLIE! -- LOOK!
SMITH'S NOT
DEAD YET!



"I HEARD THE STRANGE WORDS
RATTLING IN SAIGON'S THROATY GASP--
BUT I WASN'T LISTENING!"

'E WAS COVERED WITH GOLD!
'E GRABBED EACH OF THE THREE
OF US BY THE THROAT--
AN' ALL THE WHILE,
'E 'ELD A
FLOWER!



YOU SEE -- I MUST ADMIT
I WAS THINKING OF THE
SAPPHIRE WHEN
HE DIED!

AND YOUR STORY
ENDS THERE?



NOT EXACTLY -- I TOOK **THIS** FROM
BENEATH HIS BODY! IT WAS
WORTH DISMISSAL FROM THE
SERVICE!



FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, THE FOG ROLLED IN!
WHEN IT LIFTED, THE STRANGER WAS QUIETLY
EXAMINING THE SAPPHIRE, HELD IN BOTH HANDS--



WITH THE OTHER TWO -- HE
STRANGLER CRAIG!



THE
END

DUEL with DANGER

MICHAEL HAMPTON restlessly paced up and down the floor of his apartment, desperately trying to whip up a plot for his next mystery story. The editor of "Duel With Danger" had emphatically told him that he needed a story first thing in the morning to meet a deadline, and here it was midnight already...but Michael's jaded brain just couldn't seem to produce even the faintest glimmering of a plot!

Then, as he was frantically running his hands through his hair, Michael tensed...and a look of awe spread over his face as the plot of an amazing story suddenly flashed through his mind with all the startling speed and brilliant intensity of a lightning bolt. Like one possessed by forces beyond his control, he raced to his typewriter and hastily grabbed up a sheet of paper. "It...it's pure inspiration!" he gasped. "I never had a full-blown plot come to me like that before...it must have been in my subconscious mind all the time! But it's strange...I almost felt as if some outside force dictated the whole story to me, as if...oh, well, why should I care how the idea came to me? The important thing is to get it down on paper...now! Let's see...I think I'll call it 'Duel With Danger'...and have the hero tell the story in the first person..."

Swiftly, with the words seeming to rise up effortlessly to his mind from some mysterious source, Michael began typing:

"It was just past midnight when my doorbell rang shrilly, insistently. Wondering who it could be at this late hour, I opened the door...and

saw a tall, saturnine man shrouded in black robes standing there, beckoning to me.

"Come," the stranger said in heavy, demanding tones. "You have a duel...with DANGER! Draw your weapon!"

"Impatiently, I began shutting the door on this crank...but his hand suddenly appeared from beneath the folds of his robe, holding a gun. I saw his trigger finger tighten...before the gun belched flame and a searing brand of pure agony pierced my forehead. The last thing I knew..."

Michael Hampton suddenly stopped pounding on the typewriter, puzzled. "That's funny," he muttered. "I never intended killing my hero off this early in the story! What on earth made me write that...?"

The doorbell suddenly rang shrilly, insistently. Wondering who it could be at that late hour, Michael opened the door...and saw a tall, saturnine man shrouded in black robes standing there, beckoning to him!

"Come," the stranger said in heavy, demanding tones. "You have a duel...with DANGER! Draw your weapon!"

Impatiently, Michael began shutting the door on the crank...but a hand suddenly appeared from beneath the folds of his robe, holding a gun. Michael saw his trigger finger tighten...before the gun belched flame and a searing brand of pure agony pierced his forehead. The last thing he knew was that his story would be published in the magazine...posthumously.

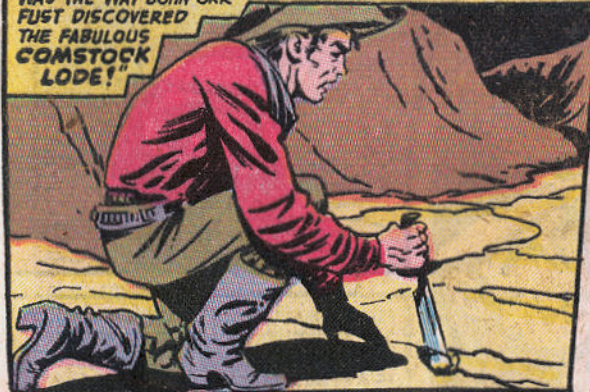
MINING for GOLD



SO YUH'RE THINKIN' OF HEADIN' WEST AN' TRYIN' YORE LUCK AT SOME GOLD MININ'. EH? WAL, THAR'S STILL PLENTY O' GOLD TUH BE FOUND EVEN IN THE OLD WORKED-OUT AREAS...MILLIONS O' DOLLARS WORTH IS STILL DUG UP EACH YEAR IN SPOTS THAT PROSPECTORS ABANDONED YEARS AGO! BUT AFORE YUH START PACKIN' YORE PICK AN' SHOVEL, YUH'D BETTER FIND OUT ABOUT ALL THE DIFFERENT WAYS O' GOLD MININ'... FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS!



"IF YUH'RE LUCKY, YUH MAY STUMBLE ON A DRY CREEK BED THAT HAS PURE GOLD NUGGETS EMBEDDED IN THE CRACKS...AN' THEN ALL YUH GOTTA DO IS PITCH IN WITH YORE BOWIE KNIFE! THAT WAS THE WAY JOHN ORR FUST DISCOVERED THE FABULOUS COMSTOCK LODE!"



"PLACER GOLD IS DEPOSITED DEEP OR SHALLOW BY A STREAM, AN' IT'S USUALLY ALL MIXED UP WITH THE SAND AN' GRAVEL IN THE STREAM BED! TUH FIND OUT WHETHER THAR'S ANY GOLD IN THE STREAM, SCOOP UP A PANFUL O' SAND AN' WATER...AN' SWISH IT AROUND WITH A SWIRLIN' MOTION, LETTIN' THE SAND AN' WATER FLY OFF!"



"SINCE GOLD IS VERY DENSE AN' IS EVEN HEAVIER THAN A ROCK O' THE SAME SIZE, ANY GOLD IN YORE PAN WILL SINK TUH THE BOTTOM AN' STAY THAR WHILE THE LIGHTER SAND OR GRAVEL IS SWISHED OFF! YUH KIN EVEN SEPARATE FINE GOLD DUST BY WAITIN' FER IT TUH DRY...AND THEN BLOWIN' OFF THE DIRT!"



"BUT EXCEPT FER A COUPLE O' RICH SPOTS LIKE A CLAIM AT PINE LOG THAT PAID \$400 TUH THE PAN, IT JEST AIN'T WUTH BREAKIN' YORE BACK GETTIN' PLACER GOLD OUT WITH A PAN! AN' THAR'S A COUPLE O' LABOR-SAVIN' TRICKS THAT US OLD-TIMERS LARNED...AN' I'LL TELL YUH ABOUT 'EM IF YUH JEST TURN THE PAGE!"



"THE FUST MACHINE WE USED WAS CALLED A **ROCKER**! ONE MAN SHOVELED THE DIRT INTUH A HOPPER THAT SCREENED OUT HEAVY ROCKS AN' GRAVEL, WHILE HIS PARTNER ROCKED IT SO THE WATER WOULD CARRY THE FINE SAND...AN' ANY **GOLD** IN THE SHOVELFUL...TUH THE FOOT O' THE **ROCKER**!"

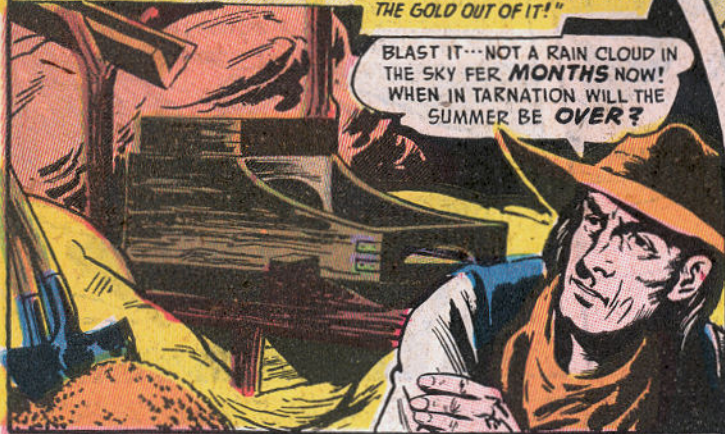


"**AT** THE FOOT O' THE **ROCKER**, THAR WERE **RIFFLES**, OR GROOVES, TUH KETCH THE DENSER PARTICLES O' **GOLD** THAT SUNK TUH THE **BOTTOM**...WHILE WATER AN' LIGHTER MUD FLOWED OUT! THESE **ROCKERS** WERE **FORTY** TIMES FASTER AT THE **JOB** O' WASHIN' **GOLD** THAN THE OLD **PAN** METHOD!"



"THE **MEXICANS** WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO WERE EXPERTS AT THE **DRY-WASH** SYSTEM! THEY'D SCOOP UP THE DRY DIRT IN BIG WOODEN BOWLS CALLED **BATEAS** AN' SWISH IT AROUND AN' AROUND TILL **NOTHIN'** BUT DUST AN' **GOLD** WAS LEFT!"

"**BUT** NO MATTER HOW MANY IMPROVEMENTS WERE MADE ON THE **ROCKER**, THIS METHOD JEST COULDN'T BE USED AT ALL DURIN' THE **SUMMER** WHEN THE STREAMS DRIED UP! ALL THE **MINER** COULD DO WAS PILE UP HIS GRAVEL AN' WAIT TILL THE **RAINY** SEASON SO'S HE COULD WASH THE **GOLD** OUT OF IT!"

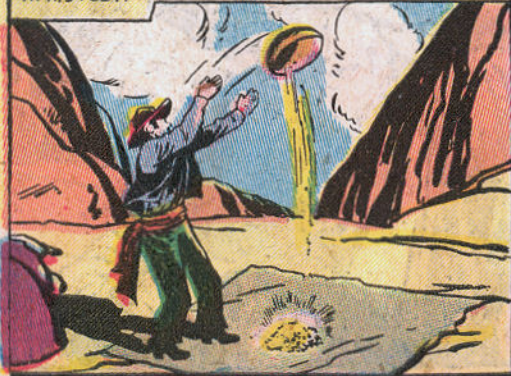


BLAST IT...NOT A **RAIN** CLOUD IN THE SKY FER **MONTHS** NOW! WHEN IN TARNATION WILL THE **SUMMER** BE **OVER**?



BUT NO MATTER WHUT METHOD YUH USE, THE EQUIPMENT KIN BE SIMPLE AN' **INEXPENSIVE**! ALL YUH ACTUALLY NEED IS A SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE, DETERMINATION TUH STICK IT OUT...AN' **LUCK** TUH HELP YUH STRIKE IT **RICH**! THAR'S STILL PATCHES O' **PAY-STREAK** US OLD TIMERS OVERLOOKED, AN' PLENTY O' **VIRGIN** COUNTRY IN DESERTS AN' MOUNTAINS THAT NO PROSPECTOR EVER TOUCHED! YUP, THAR'S **GOLD** APLENTY JEST **WAITIN'** FER YUH IN THE **WEST**...SO **MEBBE** I'LL BE **SEENIN'** YUH AROUND THAR ONE O' THESE **DAYS**!

"**FINALLY**, THE **MEXICANO** WOULD TOSS IT ALL IN THE **AIR** AN' LET THE DUST FLOAT AWAY ON THE **BREEZE**...WHILE THE HEAVIER **GOLD** DROPPED TO THE PILE ON THE **CANVAS** AT HIS FEET!"

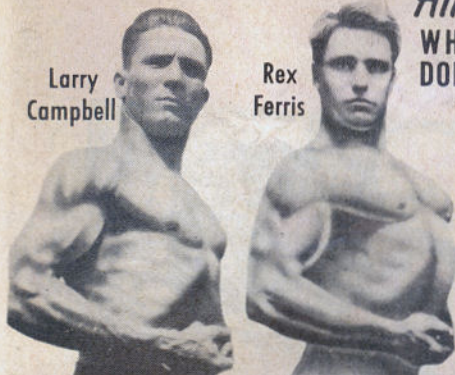


THE END!
2

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Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris



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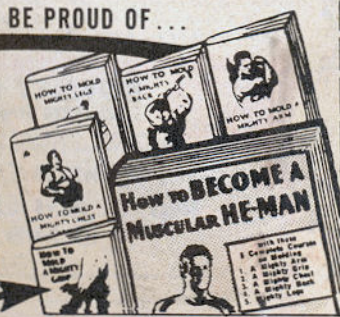
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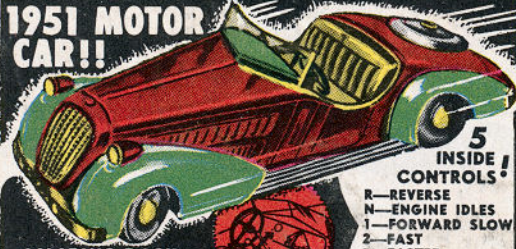
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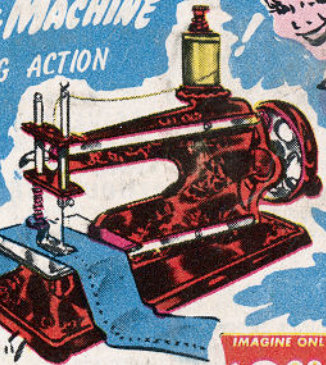
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